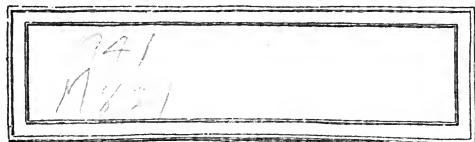
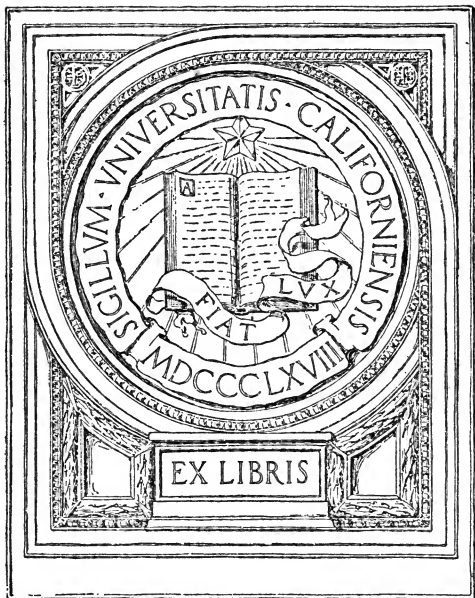


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*The Age of Intellect.*



W. H. & Co. 60

G. H. & Co. 70

*Clarendon Street and Windsor Lodge W.*

*Published by W. H. & Co. 60*

THE  
**AGE OF INTELLECT:**

OR

**Clerical Showfolk,**

AND

**Wonderful Layfolk.**

A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES BETWEEN BOB BLAZON  
IN TOWN, AND JACK JINGLE IN THE COUNTRY.

---

DEDICATED TO THE

**FAIR CIRCASSIAN.**

---

With

*NOTES CRITICAL, ETHICAL, SATIRICAL, PHYSIOLOGICAL,  
CRANIOLOGICAL, AND ASTROLOGICAL.*

---

**By FRANCIS MOORE, PHYSICIAN,**

Author of the celebrated Work entitled

***Voy Stellarum, or a Loyal Almanack.***

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**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE, LUDGATE HILL.**

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**1819.**

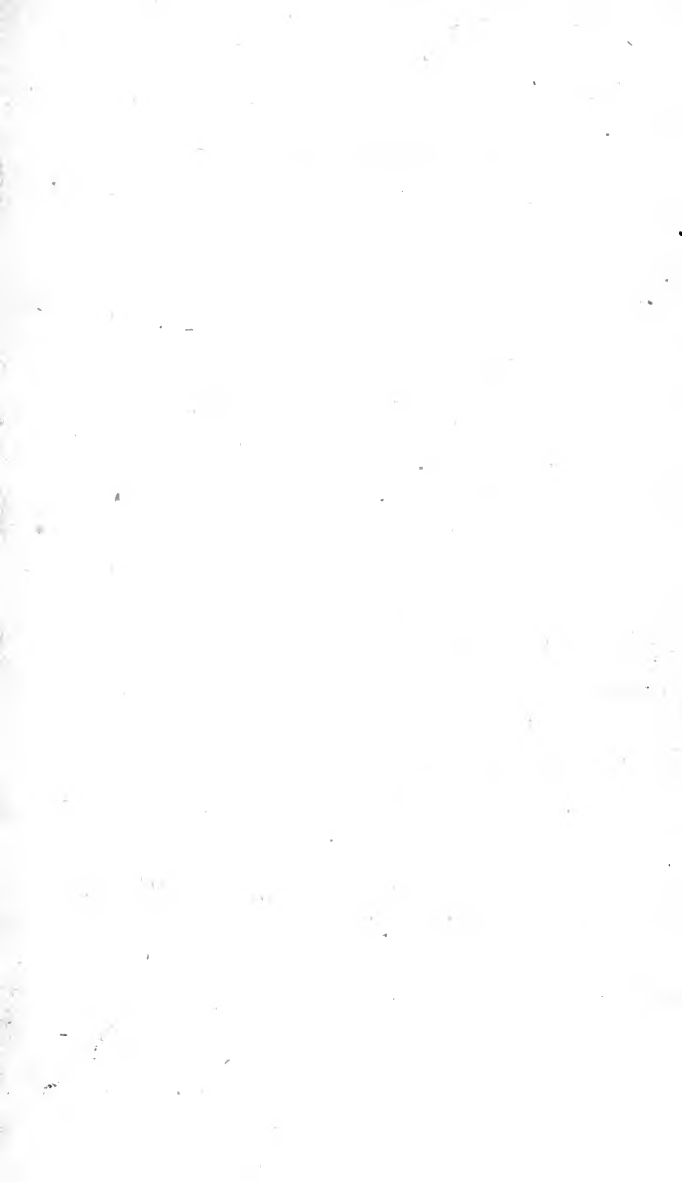
THE  
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BOSTON

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TO THE

## FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

---

ILLUSTRIOUS BEAUTY,

Light of the Celestial Luminaries! Bright Excellence! To all on earth superior,—as the seraph is to the worm that tunnels beneath a bed of onions in the horticultural enclosure,—deign, most amiable Princess,—deign to accept my homage individually,—the homage of an Author of the highest reputation, whose heart dances enraptured with the hope of being employed to cast your nativity.

Allow me, sweet Rose-bud of SHIRAZ, to enjoy the supreme felicity of approaching the band-box in which you are enclosed,—suffer me to greet my optical senses with a glance at your finished beauties,—and permit me to request your acceptance of this humble tribute of my respectful admiration.

ii

I offer it in the name of the nation as a testimonial of gratitude for your great condescension in allowing yourself to be imported, like a contraband bale of goods, from your enchanting native vales, for the purpose of delighting the eyes of our magnanimous Regent, and the exquisite Dandies who ornament this age of intellectual perfection.

Impressed with sentiments of the most profound veneration for his excellency, your august guardian, **MIRZA ABUL HASSAN KHAN**,—and for the *Black Eunuchs* who attend your toilette, and perform the delicate duties of the *Femme de Chambre*, I am,

Illustrious Beauty,

Your most devoted,

Most obedient and

Most humble servant,

**FRANCIS MOORE,**

**PHYSICIAN.**



# INTRODUCTION.

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## *THE EDITOR*

TO HIS COURTEOUS READERS.

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IN the first of the following letters, Mr. Blazon talks of sending his compositions to the translator of Anacreon, for the purpose of soliciting that gentleman to write a Preface, or Dedication; but I am inclined to think that the result of such an application, if really made, was unsuccessful. Yet, however eminent may be the talents of the author of *Lallah Rhooch*, and however distinguished his renown,—I believe I may safely venture to assert that the

trumpet-tongued lady has been almost infinitely more favourable to me, than to him. It is indeed easy to prove this by a mathematical demonstration; but I shall only have recourse to historical evidence in order to substantiate the truth of my assertion; and thus I can make it clearly appear that the sale of my *Vox Stellarum*, or *Loyal Almanack*, has exceeded that of the works of any other author, either ancient or modern. Its fame resounds from the Equator to the Poles,—from the Eastern to the Western Hemisphere. The demand for that celebrated publication, has in one year, amounted to 130,000 copies; and the whole number printed from the time of its commencement to the present period, has been at least Ten Millions! Surely, therefore, my name must be famous indeed!

The productions of my pen are also peculiarly favoured, in a most important point of view : They very rarely experience the unfortunate fate of the ordinary ephemeral compositions of the day,—or the unenviable destiny of the more ponderous labours of theological investigation. My works are neither doomed to perform the degrading offices to which the former are appropriated in the chandlers' shops,—or, raised to the elevated station occupied by the latter, on the shelves of the library; of which they retain undisturbed possession, till their ages are discoverable by the successive stratifications of time-deposited dust. But mark how differently fortune smiles on me : The efforts of my mighty genius, are unquestionably the subjects of daily reference,—are preserved with no ordinary degree of care, until they die a natural death,—and are universally known as

the oracles to whom all classes appeal for advice and information.

I can also confidently refer to my works for proofs of the amazing extent of my intellectual powers. Have I not displayed the most extraordinary versatility of talent ever exhibited by mortal? Is not my name annually ushered into the world in red letters, as a Politician, a Metaphysician, an Astronomer, a Mathematician, and a Poet? Are not all my courteous readers aware that I am a Weather-glass maker, and a Physician? And am I not the only literary individual existing in this enlightened Island, who pretends to be a proficient in that divine art, mystery, and science, called Astrology?

If then, the successful sale of an Author's works be any criterion of their excellence;—what merit can equal that of mine? Endowed

with such qualifications as I have enumerated, who can enter into competition with me?—or, who can be so well adapted as I am, to correct or revise the effusions of human genius?

Surely, Mr. Blazon, you could not have been awake, if, instead of resorting to me for assistance, you applied to any other human being;—or if you so far underrated my talents as to consider their lustre exceeded by the glowing radiance emanating from a LITTLE, BROWN, MOORE!

It is proper for me further to observe, that I am master of all the varieties of style, of which the English language can afford us any specimen. I can imitate any one of them with the greatest facility: indeed, at this sort of work, I am as much *at home*, as the editors of the famous “*Rejected Addresses* ;” or as MATHEWS the

Comedian, when he entertains his friends at the Lyceum, with the tones and manners of his Theatrical coadjutors ;—with the extraordinary ventriloquistical powers which he displays in his representation of the travelling characters of “ *La Diligence* ; ”—with his imitation of the sublime Lecture on Craniology, delivered by a celebrated German Professor, in the Parisian Catacombs :—or with his long story about nothing, in the character of the little Scotch woman.

Apropos !—Mr. M. is not perhaps aware that he has had the honour of exhibiting himself before so great a man as FRANCIS MOORE, Physician ; but I can assure him he has been so honoured :—and I was so highly delighted with his performance, that I think I shall be inclined to request his acceptance of one of my next

Almanacks as a token of my esteem. Indeed, I entertain so much friendship for him, that if he will favour me with the date of his birth, by letter addressed to me at my Publisher's,—specifying the year, month, day of the month, day of the week, hour, minute, second, and third, when he first squeaked in this sublunary world,—I will with pleasure, cast his nativity, consult the stars about him, (I do'nt mean the stars at St. James's) and draw his Horoscope gratuitously;—and, if he pleases, it shall appear among the *Judicium Astrologicum* of my next publication; together with a Hieroglyphic, representing the events of his future life, as connected with Thalia and Melpomene, which have been hinted to me in my conferences with the Planets;—and his adventures, from his birth to the present period, which I have extracted from

the scattered leaves of the British Cumean Sybils!

But again to resume the important subject under consideration,—it becomes necessary to state that I enjoy one great advantage over every other man of genius;—and that is, a peculiar and inimitable style of my own, which I employ only in one of my works. The truth of this observation may be exemplified by referring the reader to my “*Loyal Almanack for the Year of Human Redemption, 1818;*” and at the head of page 12, are to be found the following luminous lines.

“Of Gold and Rubies full-freight cargoes bring,  
“Boldly rig out and fear no kidnapping!”

Now whatever the Critics may say, I contend, that this couplet contains some of the most essential properties of Poetry:—viz.—splendid imagery, brilliant description, figurative expres-



sion, and harmonious diction. Who will deny, that the latter hemidistick is ineffably harmonious?—that *kidnapping* is a figurative expression for the impressment of seamen?—that *full freight cargoes of Gold and Rubies*” are splendid images?—and, that it is a brilliant description of a ship, when I say she is “*boldly rigged?*”

This species of composition I denominate my “*enharmonic style* :” but I often adopt another mode of writing called “*monosyllubical.*” I refer the reader for a specimen of it, to the fifth column of the 24th page of the work last mentioned; where he will find the following instructive, sensible, and pleasing passage; which, for the benefit of those individuals who are not well acquainted with my writings, I shall transcribe *verbatim et literatim*.

“ Hams

“ legs

“ ankles

“ feet

“ toes

“ head

“ and

“ face

“ neck

“ throat

“ arms

“ and

“ should.

“ breast

“ stom.”

“ heart

“ and

“ back ”

Now in this sententious, typographical column there is a great deal of mystery ;—so much so indeed, that it is incomprehensible even to those highly favoured few, who have penetrated the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Hieroglyphick Temple, and studied my wonderful works with the most attentive consideration. But the greatest mystery of all mysteries with regard to it is, that its meaning and utility are mysterious even to myself!

When I attempt this style in verse, it is in the following manner :

Am I not a great man?—and do'nt all the world know it?  
And what's more than that,—am I not a great poet?  
Who doubts what I say?—'Tis all true I am sure;—  
'Pon my word 'tis,—as true as my name is FRANK MOORE.

This Stanza, or Poem, (and Poem it certainly is, as it possesses what critics call, the three

great requisites for such a composition, viz. a beginning, a middle, and an end,) I have written for the express purpose of presenting to Mr. HARRIS, a very worthy Bookseller at the N. W. corner of St. Paul's Church Yard; who, if he pleases, may publish it in one of his penny pamphlets for the amusement of children: and I am perfectly satisfied that I shall be rewarded for my liberality, by hearing my name lisped like that of *Jack the Giant Killer*, in every part of the British dominions. The reader will observe that I am not contented with one species of fame, however extraordinary. My ambition also extends to the regions of the nursery; and I think that by offering this specimen of my literary labours to the above-named gentleman, I have adopted the best mode of attaining my object which human ingenuity could suggest.

We all of us know the delight which children take in lisping rhyme,—and the lasting impression made on the mind by lessons of morality so inculcated. Who then can doubt the advantages which will result to society, from having such an historical fact as that of my splendid fame and great talents, indelibly recorded on the memorial tablets of future generations to the end of time? And as Chronologists have not furnished us with any data on which we can reason, with regard to the period when *Little Jack Horner* sat in the corner;—so it is not at all improbable, the time will arrive, when the æra of my existence will be involved in equal obscurity;—though the name and fame of Frank Moore and his lore, may be as familiarly spoken of as that of any of the little great heroes and heroines of antiquity whose exploits have been recorded

by the *hush-a-by-baby* historians of former days.

It is perhaps unnecessary to make any further comments on the style of composition last mentioned, in order to prove that it possesses great simplicity. It might indeed be adopted with some considerable advantage in the Astrological department of my work ;—but there,—sublimity and profundity are the preponderating requisites !

It does not however follow as a necessary consequence, that, from its simplicity, this sort of literary composition is that which can be written with the greatest degree of facility. Mr. Pope, an old acquaintance of mine, tells us that,

“ True ease in writing comes from *art*, not *chance*,  
“ As those move *easiest* who have learnt to dance.”

Now this remark is indubitably correct, and

its truth is peculiarly exemplifiable in the present instance. It must be obvious to every reader that the sentence which I have copied from the fifth column of the page before-mentioned, is, perhaps, as easy as any one either in the Royal Battledore, or the London Primer ; yet no one can possibly conceive what an immense deal of logical art was required in its composition.

If however, I employed any other mode of imparting to the world, these momentous results of my nocturnal lucubrations,—its effect would fail,—and the rising generation would be deprived of the benefits which they have so long enjoyed from my luminous annual dissertations.

Again, who does not know the great advantages which result from my prognostications of the weather ? Page 14,—(being the diary for the month of July) contains the following impor-

tant information. “*I expect Thunder in some places, with showers of Rain.*” Now as I meant to extend the latitude of my expectation to the whole month, I very judiciously placed the above quoted words at the head of the column, entitled “*mutual asp. and weather ;*”—thereby intending to convey an impression to the minds of my readers, that *they* ought also to expect *Thunder and Rain in some places* :—and every one knows that these are not the most extraordinary phenomena witnessed by man during the dog-days. This prognostication will also prove that my superlative judgment is constantly exercised in every thing which I undertake. If, for instance, I had stated my expectation of such occurrences in the Diary for January, my opinion would have been rather doubted, even by a great number of those extremely courteous



readers who consider me as their oracle,—however worthy the good creatures may be, and however celebrated for their credulity!

I am perfectly aware that my calculations and predictions relative to the planetary influences are somewhat out of date amongst the learned. But of what consequence is that to me? I address myself in that publication, to good old-fashioned English people, such as they were;—not your fine Frenchified, modernized, literary masters and misses. Nevertheless, my prognostications in general, but particularly with regard to meteorological affairs, are constantly managed in such a manner, that, whenever my columns declare that it will either rain or shine, freeze or snow, on any particular day, *the day before or day after*, the probabilities of my being correct,

in this proverbially changeable climate, are always greatly in my favour.

Having thus concisely given proofs of my great abilities and distinguished fame, I cannot refrain from again expressing my surprise that Mr. Blazon did not apply for my literary aid in the first instance. He must assuredly have been informed of the nature and extent of my poetical powers ; and of my super-eminent qualifications for undertaking the arduous duties of an Editorship : for, I will not be so affronting as to suppose that he is either so ignorant as not to know my works, or so indolent as not to have read them.

As, however, I dislike to exhibit any symptoms of an austere, or misanthropical disposition,—I shall not take offence at his want of respect ; but with the greatest possible condescension, and the

purest good-humour imaginable, I have consented, that my unparalleled name shall stand in the title-page prefixed to the following letters, as their Collator, Amender, Correcter, Reviser, Annotator, and Editor.

FRANCIS MOORE, PHYSICIAN.



THE  
AGE OF INTELLECT.

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LETTER I.

FROM BOB BLAZON IN TOWN, TO JACK JINGLE  
IN THE COUNTRY.

---

—————“Thus the Gods instruct us,—that not all  
“Who, like intruders, thrust into their service  
“And turn the holy office to a trade, *and*  
“Participate their influence.” *Rowe.*

---

MY DEAR JACK,

THO' the strains more melodiously sound,  
That a BYRON's bright fancy may render renown'd,  
Or, tho' such as are polish'd according to rules  
Which were taught in the old philosophical schools,  
From the hands of the Artist more brilliant may shine  
Than ideas confus'd,—like the ore in the mine:—

Yet, unfetter'd by art shall my rhythmicals flow,  
As the brook from the mountain,—as wild flowers blow.

What if mortals the midland canal may convey,  
Over morass,—o'er height,—as the crow wings her way,  
And the talents of RENNIE command admiration  
Aloud to resound through this mercantile nation;  
Yet, streams that meander through thicket and glen,  
Claim the greater esteem from the Bard's hallow'd pen!  
So, compar'd to the soul-soothing charms that are known  
To accompany rural enjoyments alone,  
Most insipid appear Metropolitan Sports,—  
The Theatrical Pageant,—the Splendour of Courts!

Tho' I'm coop'd in this city half smother'd with smoke,  
I can fancy I'm sitting beneath an old oak  
Which in boyhood I knew,—while by memory's aid  
Is the cottage with mouldering mud-walls display'd;

Where nature in purest simplicity blooms,—  
Where taste has'nt sullied the whiting-wash'd rooms;—  
Where truth holds her court,—and fair gratitude springs  
From the soul to its Maker,—on aeriform wings !

You see I can write with a pen sentimental,  
As well as your folk with an epithet gentle,  
Who scribble soft sayings to soothe softer senses,  
And to nonsense give birth through an *Amanuensis*.

This limping long measure my brains spin as easy,  
As chariot wheels turn when their axles are greasy.  
My Dactyls revolve in a spiral direction,  
Like infinite series in constant connection.

Like other great authors, I therefore shall try  
To exhibit my writings in *Quarto Demy* ;  
Or, in *Foolscap Octavo*, perhaps they'll be found  
More convenient,—a small pocket volume, half-bound.

And if two or three letters from thee, my dear JINGLE,  
With mine, like the plums in plum-pudding I mingle,  
Each reader may possibly relish a slice,  
Wherein thy attic salt chimes with my homely spice.

Then I'll send 'em to MOORE, alias LITTLE, or  
BROWN,  
Who has usher'd TOM CRIB and the FUDGES to  
town;—

(Whatsoever he fathers is sure to go down!)

And that luminous lyrical Bard I'll invite,

A concise Dedication or Preface to write;

With a few Annotations in *Greek*, to explain

An idea conceiv'd in GEORGIUS's Reign!

While his language, by dark inuendos may seem

To admit that our letters were written by him.

What a thought have I started, my friend? Did you ever

Know, since you were born, an expedient so clever?



From ev'ry one's mouth will proceed,—I am sure,—  
“How d'ye do?—Have you seen the new Poem by  
MOORE?”

But in case the reviewers are surly or cross,  
And assert that our verses are metrical dross;  
They shall find that *I'll bring 'em to book*,—I assure  
ye,  
Their judge shall be *Midas*,—vile scribblers, their  
jury.

For, often, these gentle censorians, I'm told,  
Have their notions of lit'rature bias'd by gold!  
While as Publishers prompt, or as interest guides,  
Each Pomposo dogmatical praises or chides,  
And as easily cuts up an author, or not,  
As your Hodge can make Dapper walk, gallop, or trot.

Yet, list to what Prudence will say to the matter;—  
“Remember,”—she whispers,—“how easy they scatter

“ Their venomous Porcupine weapons around;  
“ And inflict in the dark an incurable wound !  
“ To their presence you’d better approach, cap-in-hand,  
“ Such a mark of respect may their favour command :  
“ All your high-minded people wish small-ones to stoop,  
“ While with pride glowing faces they ride *cock-a-hoop* !  
“ Thus you’ll purchase their praise, Sir.”—

I thank you, *Ma’am Prue* :

I’ll endeavour your friendly advice to pursue.

With humility, therefore, I humbly beseech  
All ye *wholesale correctors* of all parts of speech,  
Your bright smiles of good nature on me, to bestow;  
And allow not your rivers of gall to o’erflow  
All the regions of wit,—as the Nile’s slimy wave  
Deigns the land of OSIRIS and ISIS to lave.

I shall view nature's walks,—shoot each folly that flies,  
The light manners of Londonners catch as they rise;  
And bid Ridicule dart her satirical glance,  
Like th' invisible shaft in the realms of romance!  
For the pow'rs of the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Throne  
Are exceeded by Ridicule's power alone!

Now you'll know, I suppose, that these fine spoken  
words

Didn't Parentage find amongst my humble hoards;  
And 'tis shameful an author's expressions to quote,  
Without telling his name in the *context* or *note*.

In my humble opinion,—'tis nearly as base  
As to steal a man's fiddle, and leave him the case.  
So, to show that I'm honest, with pleasure I'll state,  
That they flow'd from POPE's pithy, poetical pate!

How refulgently shining!—How polish'd his strains!  
And how sweet's been the labour I've had for my pains,

When I've cull'd from his brilliant harmonical flights,  
Ev'ry beauty that charms,—ev'ry flow'r that delights.  
Could I steal from his writings one luminous ray,—  
Or like him deck my verse in habiliments gay ;  
For the *learned Goliahs* I'd care not a straw,—  
Nor for what they denominate "*critical law* ;"  
Nor for people who drain author's bones of their marrow,  
(Who treat 'em like *toads writhing under a harrow.*)  
The Bookselling brain-dealers,—men of renown,  
Who inhabit the Row in the midst of the Town ! \*  
But I'd stray to Parnassus, and, mounting my steed,  
With my rustical rhyme, thus at pleasure proceed.

Having visited London from Somerset's vales,  
To see whether folk walk'd on their heads or their tails,

\* Mr. Blazon is rather too severe in assimilating the situation of a Toad under a Harrow, to that of an Author engaged among so respectable a class of men as the London Booksellers. Ed.

And to pick up the Guineas that lie in the streets!

And to shake by the hand ev'ry body one meets!

The reflections I made, I'll submit to thy view,

And you'll find 'em to be incontestibly true.

First, I went to ST. PAUL'S, where I thought I  
should find,

Mid sublimity's gloom, the great Architect's mind !]

But its wonders, I was'nt permitted to see,

Till the *Verger* was paid a contemptible fee!

Who on earth would have thought it? he stood in  
the porch

And made ev'ry one *pay for admission to Church!*

Isn't this, to the nation, a shame?-- a disgrace,

Which oblivion will hardly have pow'r to efface?

So, at WESTMINSTER ABBEY, they forc'd me to *pay*,

Ere they'd let me behold what the monuments say!

And thus,—tho' believed 'twill be scarcely by no-men,

These CHURCHES are SHOW-BOOTHS! their CLERGY  
are SHOWMEN!

Degrading it is to Britannia's bright Isle,  
 And the Foreigners justly our customs revile,—  
 And repeat, when they hear this unfortunate truth,  
 That our manners, as well as our tongues, are uncouth!

When the fee at St. Paul's, for unloosing the chain  
 I'd discharged,—though 'twas shabby I thought to  
     complain,  
 Yet I could not help asking the *Verger*,—to whom  
 All the *Two-pences* went, for inspecting the dome?

In a whisper he answered, “The *Two-pences* go  
 “To make Custards and Ven'son their blessings  
     bestow,  
 “Upon those who conceive it no shame to their cloth,  
 “A clean penny to turn, tho' from tithes of the moth!  
 “And why should'nt our B\*s\*\*p, or C\*N\*\*s, or D\*\*,  
 “Just like other folk forage, with appetites keen?

"'Tis presumption indeed, in their coats to pick holes,  
" *You* find food for *their* bodies, *they*, food for *your*  
souls!

" You are right," said I, " still I may venture to say  
" What I think of their deeds, without feeling dismay!  
" Whenso'er they attend to their soul-saving trade well;  
" They claim admiration,—and ought to be paid well!  
" But when, about sporting they ponder,—or gambols,  
" Or scratching their neighbours with law-poison'd  
brambles!

" In politics mixing,—or flatt'ring the vicious,  
" To gain an additional Tithe-Pig delicious!  
" Or, darkly admitting that Vice is much whiter  
" Than virtue,—t'obtain the magnetical Mitre!  
" When such things occur!—and who sees them not  
often?

" Should courtesy, satire's asperity, soften?

“ No surely, a new *Cat-o'-nine-tails* I'll buy,  
 “ For *Jack Ketch* with discretional pow'rs to apply!”

Cried the *Verger*, enraged at me, “ What, sir, d'ye  
 mean? \*

“ Dare that fellow approach either B\*s\*\*P or D\*\*N?

“ From their precious fat backs, strip the sacred black  
 cloth?

“ And a new *Cat-'o-nine-tails* employ?—By my troth

“ The idea is horrible! What? Shall I stand

“ And behold it applied by *Jack Ketch's* rude hand?

\* The constitution of things in this world, is so arranged by the Omniscient Director of Events, that people are generally conscious of doing ill when their actions are influenced by improper motives. Hence it follows, that the force of a remark concerning the justice of any punishment for misconduct is more seriously felt by the guilty, than by the innocent person. Therefore the manner in which the *Verger* is supposed to take the observation relative to *Jack Ketch* is perfectly natural. He hears the name of that terrible officer remotely connected with certain dignitaries of the Church to which he belongs, and instantly takes fire at their danger, convinced that they deserve the censure applied to them.

Editor.



“ Shall I see the red streams?—Perish!—perish the thought!

“ No,—their eggs to a much better market they’ve brought!

“ They are fearless of danger from his filthy paws ;

“ For they’re governed by Ecclesiastical Laws !”

“ Softly, softly,” said I, “ Mister Verger,—thy passion

“ Is quite unbecoming thy clerical station.

“ Your D\*\*N, puff’d with pride, may, his arms *stick a-kimbo* :

“ Your B\*s\*\*P defy, *Jury, Judges, or Limbo* !

“ And say they are innocent ; nay, even swear it!

“ But if the cap fits ’em ; ’ifaith let ’em wear it.

“ Yet, howe’er you may frown,— ’tis a practice degrading,

“ To carry on here any species of trading!

“ Our cash you demand for permission to gaze  
“ At the work this magnificent structure displays :  
“ Just as if ’twas a store-house of wonderful sights,  
“ Or the place wherein PUNCH’S broad humour de-  
lights :  
“ For ye charge a good *Raree-show* price, for permission  
“ To let us indulge our own organs of vision!

“ I say this is trading!— and who can deny it ?  
“ A practice so base that all nations decry it !

“ Ye *Showmen*,—ye open receivers of bribes !  
“ It is written,\*—ye Hypocrites, Pharisees, Scribes !  
“ That this House should be known as the Mansion of  
Pray’r!

“ But of Thieves ’tis a Den, I’ve some reason to fear!  
“ Tremble ! tremble ! ye showmen, receivers of fees!  
“ Ye British-born Hypocrites, Scribes, Pharisees !”

\* Matthew, 21. 12.

“Oh! have mercy, I pray?” cried the *Verger*,  
dismay’d;

“If I thought ’twas a sin, I’d give over the trade.

“But by custom ’tis sanctioned; and therefore I think,

“That no harm can arise from receiving the *chink*.

“Then besides, ’tis but *Two-pence*,—and ’tis’nt worth  
while,

“For so small an amount;—in this opulent Isle,

“To set grumblers at work, or to make any fuss

“About trifles to many,—tho’ not so to us.”

“True,—’tis’nt” said I, “any matter of moment;

“And singly survey’d, ’tis unworthy a comment:

“But when as an object collectively taken,

“A *Flitch* makes a great many *Rashers* of *Bacon*.

“So, viewing the two-pences heap’d altogether,

“Like cart-loads of gravel to wear out shoe-leather;

“A pretty round sum ’tis that annually reaches

“The *Bags* that are stitch’d in *Canonical Breeches*.

“The custom is also extremely indecent,  
“It matters not much, antiquated or recent !  
“So base is its nature, and shameful its practice,  
“The heathen would hardly believe that, a fact ’tis.

“Know ye not that this edifice,—proudly sublime,  
“Tow’ring loftily,—bidding defiance to time,—  
“With much labour and cost, was erected by mortals ?  
“To serve as a threshold to Heav’ns high Portals !  
“And surely you know that it also contains,  
“Both of heroes and statesmen, the dust that remains !  
“Therefore why should a being on earth be denied  
“Free access to this object of national pride ?  
“Where the youth may read history chissel’d in  
stone ;  
“Where the marble half breathes ! while he fancies a  
tone

“Issues softly, and soothing, and sweet to his ear,  
“And, to regions empyreal, his soul seems to bear !

“ Who occasions such exquisite feelings to flow ?

“ Who ? the Parliament certainly, all of us know.\*

“ Those who measure their days by utility’s scale,

“ In the grave, on the pale horse of death, seldom  
fail

“ To obtain from their country the meed of applause,

“ Which, by virtue, if influenced, infamy awes !

“ Hence, the sculptor’s fair tablet,—his marble-hewn  
bust,—

“ His design allegorical,—emblem august,—

“ Act as stimulants,—boldly encouraging man,

“ Of his life, to make honour the paramount plan.

\* It is I believe indisputable that almost all the monuments worth seeing both in St Paul’s Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey have been erected at the public expence. The public have therefore an undoubted right to visit their own property at all reasonable times, and under such regulations as would preserve the distinguished works of art which are displayed in those places, from the attack of ignorant or wanton persons.

Editor.

“ Should these stimulants, therefore, be kept from  
our view,

“ As the means of extortion, your schemes to pursue ?

“ Has the artist exerted his eminent skill,

“ On yon statue, alone to *bring Grist to your Mill* ?\*

“ When the senate of Britain with gratitude glows,

“ For the service of merit retir'd to repose !

“ And directs that the name shall in memory live,

“ Till the *Cenotaph* fails the *Memento* to give !

“ Should the artist, his time and his talents employ,

“ For a banquetting B\*s\*\*P or D\*\*N to enjoy,

“ (Just like GYNGEL the showman at Bartlemy Fair,)

“ What the public now give for permission to stare ?

\* Nelson's Monument, which has been recently erected in Saint Paul's Cathedral, is a fine specimen of sculptural talent, by Flaxman ; who is said to have received for its execution the sum of Five Thousand Pounds sterling, pursuant to a vote of Parliament. If then on no other account, this circumstance alone would entitle the public to gratuitous admission to the Church during any hour of the day. Ed.

“What the public may justly consider their own,  
“Shall they pay for a peep at? to pamper the  
Drone,—

“The pigeon-pie pluralist? Banish the thought!

“The idea alone is with *Simony* fraught!”

“Oh! pray, Sir?” the *Verger* cried, “’dонт be so  
hard,

“And the heads of the Church, with such epithets  
lard.”

“Without reason to censure, I’m never inclin’d—

“Tho’ I’ll whisper,” said I, “a bit more of my mind.

“If the custom be longer continued,—I hope

“That the King, Lords, and Commons, will furnish a  
rope,

“For the *Sheriffs*, or *Jack* their *respectable* friend,

“From the gallows, your clerical necks to suspend.

Now, quitting the *Verger*, I went, *blithe as any*,  
Determin'd, my *pen'north to have for my penny* :  
And hearing the organ-pipes whistle, while viewing  
Some *Boys* with *smock-frocks* on,\* their anticks pur-  
suing ;

Who seem'd to be just like Theatrical Players,  
Hir'd, there to sing ballads, and not to say prayers :  
I listen'd,—I wonder'd,—I heard with surprise,  
The sweet tones of rich harmony rapt'rously rise,  
And exalt to the realms of Seraphic delight,  
E'en the soul that now dwells in the shadows of night!

But alas! when I sought whence the harmony  
flow'd !

I perceiv'd not a spark of devotion, that glow'd

\* The Chorister's canonical surplice and the waggoner's smock-frock are unquestionably, at the first glance, much alike, but the resemblance is more remarkable, when the actions of the wearers of those articles of decoration or utility, are observed so to correspond in every prominent point, as to be undistinguishable by the ordinary powers of human perception.

Editor.



On a Chorister's countenance, they didn't feel

What the Spirit from Heaven alone can reveal!

To be sure, if I'd given the matter a thought;

How could Puppets with rational powers be  
fraught?

Fine Automaton forms;—mere mechanical things,

Like the *Jacks* that force sounds from the harpsichord  
strings!

To expect them to feel, would be folly indeed!

*Barbers-blocks* you may cut, but you can't make 'em  
bleed.

Yet I wonder that either the B\*\*\*\*P or D\*\*N

Don't assist 'em, at least, with a sanctified mien!

For a sanctified mien oft undoubtedly proves,

A safe passport to Clerical Fishes and Loaves!

And, like counterfeit coin, it will probably pass,

Till, the silver rubb'd off, we discover the brass!

Thus absorb'd by reflection, time swiftly encroach'd  
Till the hour of appointment for dinner approach'd!  
So I said to SAINT PAUL's and the *Verger*, "Good bye;  
" And the truths I've convey'd to ye, don't misapply."

But now as the bell of the postman is tinkling,  
My letter I'll finish and fold in a twinkling:  
And while we've a moor for our ponies to graze on,  
Believe me,

Your's ever

Sincerely,

BOB BLAZON.

*London, 1819.*

## LETTER II.

FROM JACK JINGLE IN THE COUNTRY, TO BOB  
BLAZON IN LONDON.

---

“Bellua Multorum est Caputum.”

---

*Hor.*

DEAR BOB,

YOUR letter made me feel

As pleas'd as Punch, as blithe as May ;

What earthly thing can joys reveal,  
Equal to friendship's votive lay ?

But freely shall my pen display  
An act disgraceful to the state !

They made me for its carriage pay,  
As if 'twas half-a-hundred weight !

I wonder where the money goes !  
Where ? Ministerial mouths are large !  
Therefore, the Postage, (I suppose,)  
Their mighty gizzards help to charge !

These gutt'ling engines too, belong  
To many ministerial heads ;  
Who, luscious dainties feast among ;  
And sleep on golden truckle-beds.

Yet, ev'ry mouth, one body feeds ;  
The body-politic 'tis nam'd,  
As famous for its wondrous deeds,  
As e'er th' historian's notice claim'd.

Famous as one in antient times,  
With fifty heads,—a HYDRA call'd !

Which ravag'd GRECIA's classic climes,  
And each surrounding realm appal'd !

Until, by HERCULES o'ermatch'd,  
It sunk beneath his conqu'ring pow'rs :

As souls by doctors are dispatch'd  
To Tart'rus, or Elysian bowers !

Some learned writers tell us, that,  
A *club*, the warlike weapon was,  
With which his foes he deign'd to *pat* ;—  
But I say that a *cudgel* 'twas !

And who can entertain a doubt,  
That fair Britannia gave it birth ?

For, had the hero search'd throughout  
This babbling, busy, bustling earth ;

With FAUNUS over regions rov'd,  
Where monarch's quadrupedal reign,  
Exploring sylvan scenes below'd  
By DRYAD'S—by DIANA's train ;

Such a *battoon* he'd ne'er have found,

Except in Britain's favor'd Isles ;

Where lives a noble race renown'd

In naval arts and martial toils :

Who boast,—who very justly boast,

Exalted energies of mind ;—

The wooden walls that guard their coast,

And hearts, by nature brave and kind.

Whose Oak supremely stands confess'd,

The Cudgel, Butt, or Ship to form,—

Of all materials far the best

That charm the eye or brave the storm.

Now fair *ALCMENA*'s valiant son,

This fact, intuitively knew ;

The wondrous fame, that wood has won,

He saw through time's most distant view ;

And therefore sought the happy land  
Which NEPTUNE's briny current laves;  
Where NEREIDS bounded o'er the strand,  
Or sportive play'd on foaming waves :

Where Britain's youth exulting glow'd  
With social warmth, and cheerful hearts;  
While round them founts of friendship flow'd,  
Amid the joys that peace imparts.

There, in a bosky, dark retreat,  
Where Druids offer'd holy vows,  
(Untrodden save by hallow'd feet,  
The turf beneath th' umbrageous boughs)

A *Sapling Oak*, by Sylphic pow'rs,  
Nurtur'd and nurs'd, with partial care,  
ALCIDES saw, and thank'd the hours  
That grac'd the birth of gift so fair.

Thence, from its moss-crown'd native bed,  
By him 'twas borne to milder climes ;  
And soon its latent fame o'erspread  
The realms that saw primeval times.

Then, to yon gem-bespangled sky,  
On light ethereal wings it flew !

Nor did it cease to mount on high,  
'Till nearly hid from mortal view ;

Where, by Astronomers 'twas spied,  
Amid the fields of azure space ;

Ere old ASCRÆUS taught the tide  
Of song to greet the human race.

But stay !—my fancy wandering treads  
On scientific ground ;

The *Hydra* 'twas with fifty heads,  
Whose fame made ancient worlds resound ;



Infesting Lerna's fenny fields,  
(As old historians say)  
Which bade the treasures mem'ry yields  
Awake my humble rustic lay.

But what are fifty heads, to those  
Of ministerial fame ?

Whose mansions, clouted cream o'erflows  
With Turtle, Poultry, Fish, and Game !

And, their right-honourable maws  
To stuff,—I'm forc'd to pay  
This heavy postage ;—shocking laws  
Some people fudge up now-a-day.

Why should the Parliament'ry flock,  
Receive their letters *free* ?

Why ?—Just to make a laughing stock  
Of simple folk, like you and me.

The plodding man, engag'd in trade,  
Who minds his P's, and Q's,  
Becomes a *rotten member* made,  
To suit his own commercial views :

How much 'twill cost, he calculates,  
To buy himself a seat;  
And either loss or profit states,  
On every annual balance sheet.

His letters superscribed are "*Free*,"  
But those to him addrest ;  
To X. Y. Z. Esquire, M. P.  
Must surely please him best :—

Because, "see what a pretty lot,  
Of pennies sav'd," he cries ;  
"And pennies sav'd are pennies got,  
No mortal here denies."

But list!—a sad, a sad affair,  
AUGUSTA has degraded,  
And Riots in the *House of Pray'r*,  
Her brilliant lustre shaded!

ST. PAUL'S beheld a foul affray,  
Unutterably base!

Discord her banners dar'd display!  
Fierce was her crimson'd face!

And tho' Britannia's solemn grief,—  
By shaft divine produc'd,—  
Requir'd Religion's calm relief,  
More widely circumfus'd;—

Yet even then, while o'er the tomb,  
Where worth heroic lies;  
Within the choir,—beneath the dome,  
Confusion dar'd to rise;—

And, barbed arrows fiercely dart,  
On clamour's pinions borne :  
As blows the storm, the welkin thwart,  
When ARIES gilds his horn !\*

\* Mr. Jingle appears here to be stepping a little into my literary province. Yet I dare say he does not understand any thing about astrology ; for I think, if he did, he would have been glad to display somewhere or other in his letters, a few proofs of his acquaintance with the occult sciences. In this case he speaks of ARIES gilding his horn. Now it is certain that the opposite effect takes place. It is the sun which figuratively gilds or illuminates the horn of Aries, when he enters that sign of the Zodiac on the 21st of March ; Aries does not do it himself. If however Mr. Jingle would study this subject a little seriously, I think he would soon be as great an adept in these matters as myself. He might then calculate and write about the direful portent of Sol passing the equinoctial or solstitial points when the moon is in an ill humour, or when Mars and Venus are in conjunction,—or when Jupiter and Mercury are in opposition : and he might then have stated the various angry causes which make *the storm blow athwart the welkin* when the solar orb crosses the Equinox. Astronomical observations furnish us with but little data on which we can reason with regard to this matter. People ought in their studies, *to dip a little deeper* into the *Arcana* of nature.

Edit.

Then how it happen'd let me know,  
As briefly as you please ;

Altho' your pen with grief o'erflow,  
Like moist November's breeze,—

Which, whistling through the crevice, mourns  
The wintry solstice near :

And breathing o'er the leafless thorns,  
Distils the drizzling tear.

And long as e'er my mental powers,  
With pain, or pleasure tingle ;

In all respects believe me yours,  
Devotedly

J. JINGLE.

### LETTER III.

FROM BOB BLAZON IN TOWN TO JACK JINGLE  
IN THE COUNTRY.

---

Q. "What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?"

A. "A Dean, a Chapter, and Lawn Sleeves!" *Hud.*

---

DEAR JACK,

How my optical nerves are delighted,  
On reading thy letters ; by friendship indited,—  
Abounding with harmony, humour, and wit,  
Such as Horace might pen in a metrical fit.

You may call this a compliment, but I declare  
'That I can't the false robes of hypocrisy wear :

From me, if one flattering fawning idea  
Shall ever escape, may that cold panacea  
For all mortal evils to man incidental,—  
Grim death lift against me his arms instrumental!

You ask me, however, a question, my friend,  
To which I'm with sorrow oblig'd to attend.

It is true, and I'm almost asham'd to repeat it,  
Tho' you have so courteously deign'd to intreat it;—  
'Tis true that Saint Paul's display'd symptoms of riot,  
Instead of religious decorum and quiet,—  
When recently warned by affliction extreme,  
We spontaneously mov'd to adore the supreme!  
When the flow'rets with confidence gather'd to strew  
The bright path of the infant emerging to view,  
On the bier of the mother, droop'd, wither'd, and died!  
On a Princess,—of Britain, the boast and the pride!

Fair Spirit!—thy transient, yet luminous ray,  
Like a meteor, its brilliance could only display!  
Thy virtues transcendant, thy station illum'd!  
But how soon was thy vital effulgence consum'd!  
On thy couch did the laughing loves fondly repose,  
Purest bliss from thy altar domestic arose,  
In one streamlet of incense, continuous, clear,  
As the azure expanse can to Seraphs appear!

Thus it was!—Now the hearth of fair industry  
moans,  
Which enliven'd has been by thy heart-cheering tones!  
And the Cot, and the Hamlet with grief are opprest,  
For the loss of their friendly occasional guest!

Does the orphan's keen anguish,—the widow's sad  
tear,—  
Now experience soft sympathy, soothing sincere,



Such as angelic beings alone can bestow,—  
From whose hearts all the streams of beneficence flow ?

'Tis impossible, CHARLOTTE, alas ! is no more !  
And in sorrowful silence her loss we deplore !

In her mansion distinguish'd, the Halcyon at rest,  
Seem'd to say to its inmates,—“ Hail ! Mortals, be  
blest !

“ May affection your hearts in sweet bondage unite !  
“ May your lives be a vista of endless delight,  
“ In the distance, ineffably soft to the eye,—  
“ Evanescent becoming,—a point in the sky !”

But the thunderbolt flew,—’twas the fiat of Jove,  
The fair spirit of excellence hence to remove !  
And her mortal remains to the tomb were consign’d,  
Where equality reigns o’er the whole of mankind.

Alas ! my friend, when on that gloomy occasion,  
Pale death's direful dart put in mourning the nation !  
While even inanimate things were condoling  
With man, and the passing-bells plaintively tolling ;  
Whilst even *Saint Paul's* shook the dome and the  
                  steeple,

And told its distress to a million of people !  
Even then did that Saint's wily servitors venture,  
The fee to demand, for permission to enter  
That place, of all others in Britain intended  
(When private and national sorrows are blended,)  
To solemnize acts of devotion to God !  
When he shows us his mercy, or uses his rod !

Was this, d'you think, well ?—does Saint Paul so  
                  instruct 'em ?

For this did the crown to their stations induct 'em ?

Was this, I would ask 'em, performing their duty?  
Displaying to mortal eyes virtue's bright beauty?  
Or showing us vice in deformity's vesture?  
How horrid its howl! and how writhing its gesture?  
Do clerical men merely gain the high station,  
To make *money-changing* their chief occupation?

“Hold, hold, my friend, hold!” you may probably  
cry out,—

“Suppose in these words that a libel they spy out?”

A Libel, John! certainly this you can't deem so :—  
To lawyers, indeed, it may possibly seem so!  
But no one, I fancy, that sits on a Jury,  
Will say that it is,—I may safely assure ye!  
No, never will I lend my hand to a libel!  
Or venture to parody part of the Bible

And whilst I act rightly I care not a straw,  
For the '*Torneys*, or *Counsel*, or *Judges*, or *Law* !

“What?—fearest thou not?”—you may ask me  
again,

“Mister *Gen’ral Attorney*, and *big-wig* like men ?

Not I!—for tho’ wigs may give qualifications  
To those who look upward for titles or stations !  
Yet often one covers as mean an interior,  
As e’er fill’d the *cranium* of shoe-black inferior !

I’ve heard too, that wisdom proceeds from the wig !  
That a *Mannikin*, deck’d in a *Jazey*, looks big !  
That from thence, all his time-serving impudence flows,  
Every arrogant frown, *all the law that he knows* !  
But without it, observe what the “*learned man*” is  
At a bankruptcy, view your Commissioner’s phiz :

He is there insignificant, just like the rest  
Of mankind who attend to their bus'ness well drest.  
The wig and the robe off, more harmless a creature  
Is not to be met with, in action or feature !  
A plain individual, stript of all terror !  
And prone, like the weakest of mortals to error !

But view him in court, deck'd in black gown and  
band,  
With a smirk on his face ; with his briefs in his hand :  
With the *slang of the bar* on his voluble tongue,  
Like the parrot he breathes his reiterant song :  
And his speeches, however deficient in strength,  
Like the thread of the spider, he makes up in length :  
While his ignorance sleeps, by assurance conceal'd !  
And his consequence serves him for PALLAS'S  
shield ! \*

\* I hope Mr. Blazon's pourtraiture is not intended to be personally applied to any individual character in that learned and liberal profession. At any rate it cannot possibly allude either to DOLLY FUSS, or ANN DREWS. Edit.

Halt!—halt!—Mr. PEGASUS!—none of your rambles,  
bles,

Let's have amongst lawyer's—Briefs, Briars, or Brambles !

But turn round your *Noddle*, and toss up your Nose,  
Sir ;

And smell your way back to the Clerical Crosier !  
For if by their scratching, they don't make you cry  
out,

Some Fire-works enclos'd in a *blue-bag* may fly out,  
And cause on your countenance shocking grimaces,  
While singeing your hide with their *red fiery faces* ! \*

So turn your head round, Mr. PEGASUS!—turn!  
For you musn't expect me to try how they'll burn !

\* I have turned to a Law Dictionary for an explanation of this, and there I find that a writ called *Fieri Facias*, is sometimes denominated a *fi fa*, or fiery face. Editor.

Speed your course to the path whence the Brambles  
and Bri'rs,  
Have been clear'd by the Bishops to kindle their  
fires!

Let us see!—I said Clergy-folk gain'd a high  
station,  
Who made *money-changing* their chief occupation!  
And am I not right?—'Tis in vain they'll dispute it;  
By rational powers, they ne'er can refute it.

What else (I may venture to ask) can we call  
The base conduct of those who belong to Saint Paul?  
When the death of our Princess directed each mind,  
To consider the *time-to-come* state of mankind!  
When each family saw the Omnipotent hand  
Strike with awe, young and old, rich and poor through  
the land!

When it prompted, but silently prompted all hearts  
To resort to the comfort, religion imparts !

When the good, which by Heav'n is, from evil deduc'd,  
Was, by this dispensation, most widely diffus'd !  
By which millions were probably taught to reflect,  
That the course they pursued, was a course to be  
wreck'd !

While religion, extending her empire around,  
Made her trumpet of victory sweetly resound !

When the public were thus by such motives im-  
pell'd ;—

(Irresistible motives,—p'rhaps unparrallel'd)

Was it not most disgraceful to clerical fame ?

Shall it not be recorded,—the Clergy to shame ?

That this cloister-fed-clan, this episcopal crew,

Made us pay to get in, as at Play-house we do :

Tho' the persons whose duty it was to attend

In that grand Metropolitan Church to commend



To the regions of mercy, our praises and pray'rs!—  
 Were not *there*, but *engag'd* in *their worldly affairs*!

When accus'd of neglecting their duty, they cry,  
 That their volumes no forms of precedence, supply,  
 On the subject in question: \* and therefore 'twas best  
 To let no noise or trouble their quiet molest!

Happy men!—surely “*forms of precedence*” will  
 gain

Both contentment of heart,—and exemption from  
 pain!

Master Death too is courtly!—and doubtless will pay  
 Some respect to precedence!—'Tis quite in his way!  
 And I s'pose you expect that all those will be *sav'd*,  
 Who've according to *Rules of precedence*, *behav'd*!

\* It will be recollected that at the University of Oxford such an excuse was actually made for the non-attendance to religious duties on the day in question: and it appears that the officers of the Cathedral Churches of Canterbury and London also acted on the same Principle.

But my Pegasus, halt !—I must stop thee again ;  
This is not a fit subject for levity's pen !  
It is nevertheless, most undoubtedly true,  
That indelible blame is to some person due !  
Whose behaviour indeed, I may justly compare  
To the Mountebank's, who, at a *Wake* or a *Fair*,  
Wanting silver and gold more than passable sense,  
Tried this artful expedient to pick up some pence.

“ I've a sight,” he exclaim'd, “ most amazing to  
show,

“ To all those who the wonders of nature would know !

“ 'Tis some animals born in the vales of the moon ; —

“ In creation's close scale just above a Baboon !

“ Which I've lately imported in SADLER'S Balloon !

“ And their music's so charming, you'll think it divine ;

“ Tho' their speech is a sort of monotonous whine !

“ Yet they gabble,—like ducks in the puddles, that  
dip,

“ Whom the show’r has bequeath’d the delectable sip.

“ And without any feeling, their parts they recite;

“ As the paper conveys what the poet may write.

“ Yet they know when to stop, like the overshot  
wheel,

“ When its buckets, the mill-pond refuses to fill.”

“ Now this curious collection of animals rare,

“ I propose, with permission to show at the Fair :

“ And my charge is but *Two-pence*,—a moderate  
price,

“ Come and see, come and see, my friends, take my  
advice !”

He collected his *Two-pences*,—fill’d his *Booth* well;

(Was there ever I wonder, a case parallel?)

And whilst the poor clowns with expectancy gap'd !

“ Alack-a-day !—Masters !—said he, “ they’ve es-  
cap’d !”

So the *dignified* SHOWMEN who live by Saint  
Paul’s;—

Who deserve to be *prais’d* for attending their *stalls*,

Lately ventur’d to act ;—the poor tools they employ

To collect the base tribute they calmly enjoy,

In their Church many thousands admitted,—who  
thought

That the mournful occasion alone, would have brought

Something like a few eloquent sparks to the view,

From the craniums of some of the clerical crew !

But how highly augmented, alas ! was the gloom

Which so deeply pervaded the people and Dome !

Tho’ so many *dull drones* on its income exist ;

From the *Hierarch* above, to the *Deacon*, and *Priest* !

When no one amongst them was found at his station,—  
No words can describe the intense consternation !

Now Riot commenced her disgusting career,  
And each votary, arm'd with an aspect severe !  
One, attempting, on clerical duties, to preach ;—  
On the monuments, others commencing a speech !  
Here, the Constables pulling the Orators down ;—  
There, an Orator darting defiance's frown.  
Here, clamour, her Babel-tongu'd banner displaying ;  
There, *Vergers* the *Posse-Com'tatis* arraying !

But when we consider the proximate cause  
Of this riotous scene,—we must certainly pause  
Ere the people we blame !—who can deem it a crime  
To lament that they'd lost both their money and time ?\*

\* It is not possible for language to convey an adequate idea of the tumult which resulted from this disappointment of public expectation ; or of the sentiments of disgust which

Now as Canon, or Bishop, Archdeacon, or Dean,  
 To their shame be it spoken, were not to be seen!  
 Their eminent Organist gracefully rose;  
 And gave birth to some strains which he did not com-  
     pose  
 Till, observing th' assemblage extremely incens'd,  
 Thus with *forté*, *extemporé* hem! he commenc'd!

“HEM!—Ladies and Gentlemen! painful is truly  
 “My sad situation!—I came hither duly  
 “To play on the beautiful instrument near me:  
 “And if I could do so,—I’m sure you would hear  
     me!\*

the conduct of these CLERICAL SHOWFOLK excited even in the most pious and placid minds!

\* The reader will observe, that though this is an age of great intellectual attainment, yet oratorical talent is rather at a low ebb. Some gentlemen are called *learned*, because they wear a wig and gown,—and though paid for the use of their tongues, as the cobbler is for that of his hands, yet are they neither rhetoricians or logicians;—these are denomi-

"But sorry I am, that I cannot comply with  
 "Your wishes ;—because the two peepers I spy with  
 "Perceive that the Choristers seats have been seiz'd  
 "By more than conveniently there can be squeez'd.  
 "Now if the fine singers can't get at their places,  
 "You mustn't expect to be pleas'd with their faces :

nated "PUZZLE-WITS:" many are called *honourable*, because they purchase permission to speak in a great house at Westminster ;—the majority of whom are dignified with the title of "YEAS and NOES:"—and others are called *right honourable*, because they belong to a squad of chatterers who occupy *certain benches* therein ;—these have obtained the appellation of "EAR-TICKLERS ;"—but there is very little Ciceronian energy to be found among the whole of them ;—indeed the brightest rhetorical stars of the present era are only of the second magnitude. And though the harmonical professor, who made the speech above quoted, is neither dignified with the title of *the learned*, *the honourable*, or *the right honourable gentleman*, I think it will cut a striking figure among the most brilliant extemporé effusions of the day ;—those of the facetious G\*\*\*GE C\*NN\*\*G and the eminent TOM CRIB,—the luminous Bragge B\*TH\*\*ST, and the eloquent last dying speech vender,—not even excepted.

Editor.

“And who doesn’t know that they can’t sing without them?

Who?—nobody surely who knows much about ’em!

“Hem!—Ladies and Gentlemen! ev’ry one knows  
“That I like to exhibit whate’er I compose;  
“And most willingly therefore, I’d tip you a stave  
“On the grand *Diapason*, harmoniously grave!  
“But unless we’ve the Choristers, I musn’t play!  
“And without us, alas! can the Clergymen pray,—  
“Read the portions of scripture call’d lessons,—or  
    preach,—  
“Or the truths of Divine Christianity teach?—  
“Unassisted by mine, or my deputy’s aid,  
“They’d a sad piece of work of it make, I’m afraid!  
“And the bellows-blow’r even,—tho’ last in the list,  
“Would, as soon as the Bishop, I fancy, be miss’d!  
“Therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen! let me request  
“That your sad disappointment, you’ll coolly digest!



“And believe me, I’d fly in the dark,—as a Bat  
would!

“To do a kind act,—or I’m not TOMMY AT\*\*\*D!”

From the Loft, whence the Organ’s harmonical  
sounds

Fill the stately Cathedral’s reverberant bounds;

This *extemporé* brilliant effusion proceeded;—

And, like many sermons, it wasn’t much heeded.\*

\* The *Sol fa* gentleman, seems from his speech to have studied the works and imitated the stile of the earliest writers of antiquity, such as Theseus and Hercules among the Romans, or Romulus and Cræsus among the Greeks.

I shall not however take the trouble to investigate the question as to which of these authors he has adopted for his model:—but leave the discussion of it to the learned Dr. BUSBY, the never to be forgotten *Monologue writer* for Drury Lane Theatre, and celebrated translator of Lucretius out of the original tongue. He is no doubt well versed in the learned languages, as they are called;—though Mr. COBBETT disputes their claim to that appellation, because he does not understand them himself, I suppose. But I wish it to be clearly understood that I do not decline the enquiry from

Hear now the excuse of these clerical gentry !

“ We couldn’t get in without forcing an entry !

A feast at the LONDON, or *Mansion-house rout*,  
Would have claim’d more attention, I have not a  
doubt !

To be sure ’tis a hardship to pray for a sinner !”

But who minds a squeeze, to obtain a good dinner ?\*

any inability to undertake the task ; on the contrary, I can say with confidence, that my classical erudition renders me peculiarly fit for such a purpose. Witness the *Vox Cœlorum*, *Vox Dei*,—*Judicium Astrologicum*,—and *Vox Stellarum*, which are so conspicuously displayed in every annual edition of my celebrated almanack.

Apropos !—I have also made a great discovery within a short time past, which will be highly creditable to this intellectual age. I find that one Virgil, who wrote about 2000 years ago, was a great astrologer ;—and that, aided by his knowledge of the stellar influences, he wrote a Poem called the *GEORGICKS*, which is a faithful history of the great *GEORGES* who have reigned over this country during the last century.

Editor.

\* It appears that the ordinary clerical duty of the day devolved on the Rev. Dr. H—, as the officiating minor canon for the month ;—who, feeling some little difficulty in approaching

Now enter'd his lordship, the MAY'R of the *City*!

His name?—you may ask;—I'll inform you, 'tis

KITTY!\*

This edifice noble,—this SHOW-BOOTH renown'd,—

He had heard,—by the mob would be raz'd to the  
ground!

But, no mob at a *Church*, or at *Mansion-house*  
*Ball*,

Or at *Bartlemy Fair*, could his lordship appal!

Has he not gaily quaff'd the cool *Tankard* with

NEWMAN?

Delectable sip!—fertile source of *Acumen*! †

his desk, in consequence of the numerous congregation assembled, retired in dudgeon. A passage to it was however, shortly cleared, when neither him, nor any of the clergy belonging to the Cathedral were to be found. Edit.

\* Kitty I suppose is a contraction of Christopher. Edit.

† Mr. Blazon here seems to allude to an annual custom observed in the City, when the Lord Mayor, on his road to Smithfield for the purpose of proclaiming the commencement of Bartholomew Fair, stops at the Keeper of New

Thence, hasn't he stray'd with the mob, to the field  
Where, by WILLIAM of WALWORTH, WAT TYLER,  
was kill'd?

And has he not shone in the *Ball-Room* at Easter?  
That civical squeeze for Miss, Mistress and Mister!  
He, therefore, was quite in his element, when  
He appear'd in Saint Paul's at the head of his men!  
Yet he little suppos'd, that the Clergy alone  
Were to blame, for the mischievous acts that were  
done!

That their duty, if they had perform'd,—no complaint—  
Would have given, the atmosphere sacred, a taint!  
So he calmly endeavoured to soften and soothe,—  
And his accents thus flow'd, as a summer-stream  
smooth!

gate's House, and partakes of what is technically called  
“*a cool Tankard*” with him. But Mr. B. is incorrect with  
regard to the name: the cool Tankard must have been  
quaffed with Mr. Brown, the present Governor of New-  
gate:—Mr. Newman having retired from that office. The  
continuance of this custom is another proof of the intellectual  
refinement of the age!

Edit.

“I am pleas’d to observe, tho’ our loss be severe !  
“An assemblage, so highly respectable here !  
“It displays your regard for the treasure we’ve lost !  
“And it marks your regret that our hopes have been  
cross’d !  
“Let me therefore request that you’ll patiently wait,  
“With devotion sincere,—with demeanour sedate,—  
“Till the service can be with convenience begun ;  
“Which, I think I can promise, will shortly be done.”

The people, thus pacified, patiently ponder’d,—  
Yet, whence the delay arose, all of them wonder’d !  
Till time turn’d his glass, and poor patience ex-  
hausted,—  
Confusion again, the cathedral o’ercast did !\*

\* I am rather surprised that Mr. B. should have forgotten to mention the attendance of **SIR WILLIAM CURTIS**, with *Mr. Alderman* **CHRISTOPHER SMITH**, the then Lord Mayor, for the purpose of quelling this tumult in our Metropolitan Cathedral: and the more so, because the honourable and worthy Alderman and Baronet, made a very elegant speech on the occasion. The native eloquence of a strong mind

Thus his eloquent speech only made matters worse ;  
 Giving clamour's coarse clappers additional force !  
 Till again did his lordship, his audience address,  
 With the view of attempting their rage to repress !

“ Let me beg,—let me humbly intreat,—let me  
 pray,—

“ That you'll turn your attention to what I've to say !

“ I lament it indeed ; but the fiat of fate

“ Has unhappily made it my duty to state,

“ That we've carefully search'd the cathedral around,—

“ And no person to chant, pray, or preach can be found !

spurns at grammatical precision, and gives birth to expressions which sometimes appear bordering on absurdity ;—but honest John Bull is justly famous for saying *what comes uppermost*. “ Go home, go home good people and get your dinners, I'm sure you must want 'em, for I want mine.—I measure your corn by my bushel, and your bellies by my own ;—therefore I say, go home, go home, good people.” Is not this sound logic, polished diction, and fascinating rhetoric ? and are not the Citizens of London entitled to the highest commendation for having elected so brilliant a luminary of *elocutionary* talent, (as THELLWALL calls it) to represent them in five successive parliaments ?

Edit.

“Therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, let me exhort

“You, no longer this riotous scene to support :

“But return to your homes, where I hope you will  
find

“That ineffable blessing, contentment of mind !\*

Again rear'd her red arms hissing-hot indignation !

And, darting at random, struck calm meditation !

Who glided away from the turbulent scene ;—

Like attendant funereal,—dejected in mien !

While her missiles the former irascibly sent

All around her, like furies who never relent !—

Soon,—the weak would have sunk to repose in the  
tomb,

Had'nt sanctity breath'd her commands from the dome ;

\* The shameful conduct of the clerical gentlemen belonging to this establishment was certainly unknown to his lordship at the time he made his first speech. When however, he discovered that none of the *Drones* attached to the place were to be found, he proposed that his own chaplain should perform the duty. But this it appears was impracticable from a point of etiquette.

Editor.

And, the raging of fell animosity, sooth'd ;—

As the waves, by the juice of the olive are smooth'd.

Thus, my friend, I've with pencil prosodian pour-  
tray'd,

Here,—with brilliance illum'd,—there,—envelop'd in  
shade,

*An event*,—which the painter's bold colours in vain  
Shall attempt to record,—or his canvass contain!

For his colours will fade,—his materials will rot,—  
Ere oblivion its traces memorial shall blot!

*An event*,—which shall mark the historical page,  
When the sculptor's proud marble is moulder'd by age!

*An event*,—which the medallist even shall view,  
(Some three thousand years hence, deeply vers'd in  
*virtú*,)

And with doubt scan the figures impress by the die ;

As the likeness we trace in the clouds of the sky !

For the *Medal* shall e'en be corroded by rust ;

And again be reduc'd to its primitive dust !



*An event*,—which, till Britain's fine language expire,—  
Shall distinctly resound on my rhythmical lyre!

And until the divine typographical art,  
Through the *Waters of Lethe*, far hence shall depart!  
Till the pen shall be lost,—till the muses shall sleep!  
And the sciences silent, repose in the deep!  
Until Europe is barren, like African sands!—  
And dissolv'd are completely, society's bands!  
Till her towns are in ruins,—all verdure destroy'd!  
And like chaös,—of good and of evil devoid!  
Till the sun from this globe shall his radiance with-  
draw!

By the FIAT DIVINE!-- an inscrutable law!  
While'er man shall the chaplet of poesy wreath!  
May the lyre of Britannia delectably breathe!!!  
And while seraphs, the works of the universe, gaze on!  
I hope you'll be blest with a friend in

BOB BLAZON.

## LETTER IV.

FROM JACK JINGLE IN THE COUNTRY, TO BOB  
BLAZON IN LONDON.

---

" Oh that Estates, Degrees, and Offices,  
" Were not derived corruptly ;—and that clear honour  
" Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer.  
" How many then would cover, who stand bare !  
" How many be commanded,—who command !  
" How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
" From the true seed of honour ! And how much honour  
" Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
" To be new varnish'd !" *Shakespeare.*

---

DEAR BOB,

YOUR rhyme delights me,—try your hand,  
The public ne'er will scout it ;  
Such clergy-folk deserve the brand  
And should not 'scape without it.

But let your censure not be mark'd

By indiscrimination ;

To punish ev'ry dog that bark'd,

Would not become your station.

Your muse I'd have to truth attend,

Superior 'tis to fiction ;

And all her efforts 'twill defend,

From spiteful contradiction.

Give praises too, where praise is due ;

But humble haunts are merit's ;

In cots obscure, conceal'd from view,

She, poverty inherits !

Or, seek her where you are, in town,—

You'll find her in a garret :

Not preaching flatt'ry to the crown,

Or, prating like a parrot :

But deep involv'd in thought profound,—

Fair learning's sphere extending!

And while the seasons whirl around,

No earthly soul offending!

In scenes like these, you'll only find

Meek Merit take her station!

She seldom greets the lofty mind,

Or stately occupation!

Therefore, whene'er she meet your eye,

In strains harmonious hail her:

But let your darts at folly fly;—

Impetuously assail her!

And while the sun his course shall run,

Delighting dale, or dingle;

Until my breath is stopt by death!

Believe me your's

J. JINGLE.

## LETTER V.

FROM BOB BLAZON TO JACK JINGLE.

---

*"Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim."* Hor.

—————"Curate he had none,  
"Nor durst he trust another with his care;  
"Nor rode himself to Paul's,—the public fair,  
"To chaffer for preferment with his gold,  
"Where bishopricks and sinecures are sold." Dryden.

---

MY DEAR JACK,

OF a shocking disorder, I've read,—

Which is deem'd epidemic,—its seat is the head!

It is call'd—"Cacoethes scribendi,"—by wits;—

And it rarely to stuff pharmaceutick submits.

That it also existed in ages remote,

We are taught to believe by an author of note,\*

\* Juv. 7 Sat.

Whose satirical qualities ev'ry one knows,  
Whoe'er tasted the stream that from Helicon flows.

But the modern disorder contagious appears,—  
Yet the mask of variety constantly wears;  
So that those who endeavour, its symptoms, to mark,  
Are like people, when groping their way in the dark!

I'm however, inform'd that 'tis like a complaint,—  
The *Scotch Fiddle*, y'clept,—a cuticular taint :  
Thus you'll note their similitude ;—if you begin  
With your fingers, to scratch, on your paper or skin ;  
You can never refrain from desiring to scrape,—  
Till the blood or the brains from their cellars escape !

Now this shocking disease I imagine I've caught,  
And t'has turn'd topsy-turvy my tablets of thought :—  
Yet impossible 'tis to promulgate its name  
Without breaking my teeth, or distorting my frame !

“*Cacoethes scribendi!*”— what musical ear  
Can such zig-zag ton’d, crabbed form’d, rugged words  
bear?

But the doctors in London have got such a knack  
Of amusing their patients with this sort of clack;  
That, whenever they deign to examine your pulse,  
Your auricular nerves they are sure to convulse,  
With their *dog-latin-lingo*, and chemical phrases,  
Which suit to a tittle all manner of cases:  
And,—preaching some new-fangled medical creed,—  
While your veins are inflated,—your pockets they  
bleed!

Now if this unspeakable scribbling disease,  
Which so prone is, our organs of hearing, to tease,  
Has infected thee also;—all England will say,  
That the poison, my rhythmical strains did convey.

So, the bane if I sent,— I'll the antidote give !  
And my honour 'twill probably somewhat retrieve !

Take of sulphur, a pound;—tho' it nauseously  
smells,—

Its *effluvium*, all maladies itching, repels !  
Get it properly mix'd with a *quantum* of lard,  
So as neither to make it too soft, or too hard :  
In an earthen-ware pipkin, then place it to boil,  
On a fire that would brighten hilarity's smile ;  
And before it ignites, take it carefully off;—  
Or 'twill probably cause an *extemporé* cough.

Then, your *scratches*, that aid Æsculapian require ;  
Or, such as an ill-temper'd muse would inspire,—  
Like a chicken while roasting, expose to the fire. }

Heated thus, rub 'em o'er with the brimstone and lard;  
And your labour will probably gain its reward,—



If you swallow what's left!—wrap in flannel, your  
head,—

And retiring, compose yourself warmly in bed!

What d'ye think of my plan?—was there ever in-  
vented

A finer potation for bards discontented?—

And are there not persons enough in this nation,

Opprest with the *mania of versification*,—

Who ought to be highly oblig'd to my noddle,

For teaching them how such a potion to coddle?\*

\* The scribbling propensity of the present age is often talked of, and yet I am inclined to attribute the source of the remark to the same saturnine, dissatisfied temperament of the mind which produces that common every day observation of the vulgar—"those who can live in these hard times may live for ever!"—a phrase similar to which we can trace so far back as what we now call "the golden days of good Queen Bess." My opinion is founded on an assertion of *Martinius Scriblerus*, who complains that in his days, "Paper was so cheap, and Printers so numerous, that a deluge of writers covered the land." Now the price of that article has been advanced since that time at least 500 per cent;—and yet the evil if it be one, still increases. The public ought therefore

'Tis however now proper to say somewhat more  
Of this eminent town, and its clerical store:  
For, I've much to communicate;—wonders I find,  
Each diurnal rotation, intrude on the mind!

When, to church I resort,—'tis with sorrowful eye  
That I witness reproach, to its servants apply:—  
That the seats, I perceive, are converted to *Pews*,  
To accommodate pride, and the covetous views  
Of the pamper'd divine,—who devotedly clings  
More to temporal goods, than to spiritual things!\*

to be indeed highly obliged to Mr. Blazon for his invaluable  
*intellectual Recipé!*

\* This is a matter of serious regret to the reflecting mind. A faculty to enclose a Pew is obtained without difficulty, on payment of the ecclesiastical fees which are demanded for such permission. But it should not be so. The inhabitants of every Parish have the same kind of right to accommodation in their Parochial Churches, as they have to a few acres of common land within their precincts. Yet the latter cannot be legally enclosed or altered without the authority of Parliament; whilst the clergy have exercised the power of infringing on those rights with impunity. Thus encroachments have been gradually proceeding in some of

Yet unoccupied, oft their enclosures, you'll see,  
Like the cockle-shells found on the shores of the sea :

the principal churches of the metropolis, until those parishioners who are not in affluent circumstances, have been totally deprived of the power of procuring a seat in their own parochial places of worship. But the evil does not rest here. The persons who execute the office of *Sexton*, (having been occasionally rewarded for their courtesy to the vain and frivolous, by introducing them to the Pews so enclosed) have at length been induced to believe that they have a right to expect, (and in some places even to demand) a fee or compliment as they term it, for admitting any individual to a seat. The consequence of this is, that those who are not Pew-proprietors, or, who cannot afford to give six-pence or a shilling for such temporary accommodation, are obliged either to stand in the aisles of the Church during divine service, or wholly to abstain from attending it. This view of the subject is therefore of importance to the community when considered with reference to the general protection of morals. Those who are piously disposed, will however, rather perform their devotional exercises in dissenting chapels than wholly neglect them ;—while those who are luke-warm will make the difficulty or inconvenience of communicating with the established church, a pretext for their total indifference to all religious duties.

In this enlightened era, when the energies of the mind (as GODWIN says) are so visibly exerted around us,—is it not strange that the Church Clergy should be so blind to the consequences which must result from their supineness ?

While o'erstock'd are the *aisles*, where the humble are  
    prest,

*Higly-pigly*,—like too many birds in a nest.

Hence, whoever a seat in a Church would obtain,  
By a bribe, introduction there, only will gain;—  
When, behold the attendant obsequiously glance,  
And display all the symptoms of court-complaisance.  
Softly swings the Pew-door,—and tho' tacit, the hint  
Plainly proves the preponderant pow'r of the *Mint*.

But persons who are not attir'd in the fashion,—  
Whose fingers, no elegant rings *cut-a-dash* on,—  
And other appendages do not appear to  
Command the attention that wealth's alone heir to,—  
(As Chesterfield's work complimentally teaches)  
Those clerico-laick hermaphrodite leeches

Imperiously frown at,—with arrogance daring  
Nor age, from their rudeness, or infancy sparing:  
While arm'd with authority founded on evil,  
To persons distinguish'd, alone they are civil,  
Whose dresses denote that their purses are heavy:  
And thus, contributions at pleasure, they levy.

Now people who cannot their money bestow  
On such leeches as these, are unwilling to go,  
Where, instead of experiencing decent respect,—  
They receive the contumely these creatures eject!

But my censure to those more directly applies,  
Who, such flagrant behaviour ne'er deign to chastise,  
The *superior divines*,—who are careless about it,  
Like *satiated curs*, with a bone, or without it.

Ye hypocrites say,—though with visage demure,  
Isn't Heaven alike for the rich and the poor?  
And should poverty any impediment find  
In adoring the God who created mankind?  
Are the mansions above,\*—(that such mansions there  
are  
The blest Saviour of mortals has pleas'd to declare !)  
Are those mansions intended for persons alone  
Who are proudly by gales of prosperity blown?

No,—the poor, the afflicted, the humble will gain  
Brighter mansions than purple-clad pride can ob-  
tain!

'Tis the actions, distinguish'd by virtue, that shine  
Which acquire, in futurity, plaudits divine!

\* "In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." John 14. 2.

Therefore hence take instruction; ye pastors of  
flocks!

Before death your dark grave's gloomy cavern unlocks!

Be your clerical servants sufficiently paid;

Lest they meanly require eleemos'nary aid!

Bid them, equal respect and civility show

To the poor,—as to those on whom riches o'erflow!

Let them never be basely allow'd to receive

Any money which vain ostentation may give,

For the honour of sitting secluded from those

Whom, in fine phraseology, "*nobody knows*."

Let unoccupied pews, with the strangers be fill'd;

For, as ground unproductive is when 'tisn't till'd;

So, the space unemploy'd for devotional use,

Can in Heaven no bountiful harvest produce.

Thus, your actions if just,—and your motives if pure,—

While your thoughts from your duty, if nothing

allure;—

Your terrestrial account may be balanc'd above,—  
In the heavenly regions of mercy and love,—  
With more ease than if still the dark course ye pursue,  
Which is mark'd by hypocrisy's night-shaded hue!

Yet some pastors there are, who deserve not my  
blame;—

Those who *feel* the divine intellectual flame,  
Which the soul bears aloft to the mansions on high!  
Not to those can a breath of my censure apply!  
Not to those who illumine this Heav'n-favor'd Isle,  
Whom religion and learning salute with a smile!  
Not to those who grace many an orthodox gown,  
And, for *virtuous practices*, merit renown!

But the latter are almost as rare to be seen,  
As a curate that's wealthy,—or bishop that's lean!



Now the methods observe which the catholics use,  
Their own principles into our minds to infuse.  
Ev'ry mode of enchanting the ears and the eyes,  
'They employ to allure both the simple and wise !  
Tho' their prayers, undoubtedly few understand ;  
Yet their grave ceremonials, and chorusses grand,  
Serve as baits,—devotees superstitious to draw,  
And excite, in our minds, reverential awe!

Yet, their *Temples*, tho' splendid the pomp they  
display,—  
Are not SHOW-BOOTHs, to which, *for admission you*  
*pay!*

Cloth'd in eloquence,—hear the bright precepts  
resound  
Of some learned dissenters ;—and say, is there found  
'Mongst the clergy of England, in town or at college,  
More talents,—or more theological knowledge?

How few of the latter persuasively glow  
With the orator's warmth,—we unhappily know!  
Mark their cold elocution!—their music, how dull!  
How adapted, religious perceptions, to lull!  
What if some display merit when first they appear,  
And conspicuously brilliant, their early career!  
When the *loaves and the fishes*, with ease are procur'd  
By somniferous gloom, are their senses obscur'd !\*

So the swine is beheld, in its juvenile hours,  
Frisking gaily, to practice its newly born pow'rs :  
But ere age it attains,—if its wants you supply,  
It will *stuff*,—*till it cannot move out of its sty* !

While the zealous dissenters, with less education,  
Who study maturely, the art of persuasion,—

\* It is not a little surprising that the Church of England Clergy, who must necessarily be men of good education, should neither keep pace with, nor take advantage of, the improving intellectual spirit of the times.

Who speak to the passions and feelings of men,  
Will convert to their principles, nine out of ten!  
With discriminate ardour, they've brought to their  
aid,

All that's charming in music, by genius display'd!  
They have call'd into life, each mellifluous note,—  
On the wings of devotion taught pleasure to float,  
And the sweet Harp of DAVID again becomes warm!  
Deck'd by WATTS with each British poetical charm!

May poems like his, long command your attention !  
As well as the subjects of classic invention :  
And, distant before us, while death we can chase on,—  
I hope you'll be bless'd with a friend in

BOB BLAZON.

## LETTER VI.

FROM JACK JINGLE IN THE COUNTRY, TO BOB  
BLAZON IN LONDON.

---

"Carmina—

"Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis." *Virg. Æn. vi.*

"—One poetic itch

"Has seiz'd the Court and City,—poor and rich ;

"For those who cannot write, and those who can,

"All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man." *Pope.*

---

THANK ye BOB, I thank ye truly,  
I received your letter duly;  
And I found it most amusing,—  
O'er and o'er each page perusing.

Scratch my friend,—continue scratching,—  
Go on, new ideas hatching:—

*Similes* create at pleasure,  
Tun'd in sweetly flowing measure.

Yet it seems to me a riddle,  
That the *Caledonian Fiddle*,  
Should resemble, what the muses  
Deign to write, or man peruses.

How can that disease cutaneous,  
(Quite,—to southern blood extraneous,)  
Be compar'd to writing verses  
Such as SOUTHEY oft rehearses ?  
Or, to WALTER SCOTT'S meanders ?  
Pleas'd with whom the fancy wanders ;  
Or, to themes that COLERIDGE plays with  
Whom, the muse delighted strays with :  
Or to WORDSWORTH'S sweet "*Excursion*,"—  
Smooth'd by musical proportion ?  
Or, to HUNT'S "*Rimini*,"—charming  
As the solar beams are warming ?

Or, to SMITH's *refus'd addresses*?  
Form'd of mirthful *hotch-potch* messes :  
Or to BYRON's glowing scenery,—  
Orient harp, and rich machinery?

Mark the strains that ROGERS wrote;—  
Mem'ry's bard, with sweetest note!  
List to KEAT's extatic lyre,—  
Breathing true Phœbean fire!  
Or, to CAMPBELL's silver strings,  
Tun'd by *Hope* on buoyant wings!  
Or, to BLOOMFIELD's warbling powers,  
*Rural tales*, and fragrant flowers!  
Or, to MOORE's enchanting lay!  
Brilliant as the solar ray;—  
Polish'd as the brightest gem  
That decks the sov'reign's diadem!

Surely bards, who so bewitch,  
Can't be said to have the "*Itch!*"  
Yet your *Cacoethes* can  
Be nothing else,—as I'm a man,—  
If 'tis like the vile disorder,  
Sent to us from *Scotia's* border.

Penn'd with brilliancy, or taste,—  
Imbecility, or haste ;—  
Perfect as *Æolian* chords,  
Or as harsh as clashing swords,—  
Be the thought that meets the eye,  
Trac'd with atramental die ;—  
It must consequently be,  
All the same,—I plainly see.

If then, ev'ry Author feel  
This disease, from head to heels,

I,—an humble author, too,—  
Have the *ITCH* as well as you !

But the *Recipe* you sent me,  
Sorely would, I fear, torment me ;  
If, internally 'twas taken,  
Like a *mess of Peas and Bacon*.

Therefore, ascertain I pray,  
Whether any other way  
Known there is, to cure the pains,  
Caus'd and felt by learned brains !

Who can doubt that,—'mongst the great,—  
Where the *Literati* meet,—  
Where the sage and simple tony  
Join in *converzazione*,—  
Where the great SIR JOSEPH sits  
Press'd by butterflies,—by wits,—



Mummies,—travellers Quixotic,—  
Seers,—scavans,—and herbs exotic,—  
Some idea may be started,  
By MINERVA's self imparted,  
How to form a grand specific  
For this malady terrific!

Read by all denominations,  
Be your sapient observations!  
Fraught with interesting matter,  
On the clergy,—flow your satire!  
And amusement yield, in plenty,  
For the *Cockney Cognoscenti*!  
While with thee, in mirth to mingle,  
Long may live,

Your friend,

J. JINGLE.

## LETTER VII.

FROM BOB BLAZON IN TOWN TO JACK JINGLE  
IN THE COUNTRY.

---

"From files a random recipe they take,  
"And many deaths of one prescription make." *Dryden.*

"*Machaon*, whose experience we adore,—  
"Great as your matchless merits, is your pow'r." *Garth.*

---

TRUE it is my worthy friend,  
Med'cines frequently offend  
Either palate, nose, or eyes,  
Whatsoe'er be their disguise !

But when folk are raving mad,  
Nervous, petulant, or sad ;—  
Neither physic, or advice  
Are consider'd very nice.

If, however, you are ill :  
You require a gilded pill ;  
Nothing seems to suit your taste,  
Which by grandeur isn't grac'd !  
Therefore, I've enquiry made,  
'Mongst the *Æsculapian trade*,  
Whether any diff'rent plan  
Ever has been tried by man,—  
Which, effectually would cure  
Such a pest of lit'rature.

Doctors differ much, you know ;  
Some are all external show,—  
Pow'rless,—like an apparition !  
Others,—stor'd with erudition,—  
Roving through the lands of learning,—  
And, the vital springs discerning !

Seated round APOLLO's throne,  
Many a CHIRON now is known,—

Whose divine discov'ries breathe  
Bounteous gales on realms beneath.

Thus, they teach that *stinking meat*  
Inoffensive is, to eat!  
And that water,—tho' putrescent,—  
Sip'd from ditches effervescent,—  
Which the warmth of summer moves,—  
Quite innocuous, daily proves!\*

What an age of wonders,—we  
Who are at present living, see?

\* At the Taunton Lent Assizes, 1819, some medical gentlemen who gave evidence in a cause (*Jenkins v. Palmer*) declared their opinions to be that putrid flesh taken into the stomach becomes perfectly innoxious;—and that even the highest concentrated aqueous solution of animal matter in the last stage of putrefaction is totally free from any deleterious quality. We may now therefore, like Mad Tom, as Mr Sergt. PELL very facetiously observed, “swallow the dead rat, and the ditch dog” and yet receive no injury.

Some, with gravity of mien, —  
Tell us man's a mere machine,  
Set in motion like a clock,  
Or the wav'ring weather-cock :—  
So that all your aches and pains,  
All your pleasures,—all your brains,—  
Are mechanically form'd,  
And by life's caloric warm'd !

All you do, and all you say,  
Fate's controlling pow'r display!  
If you sit,—or if you lie,  
If you sleep, or if you die !  
Or, if bluish burns the fire ;  
Ask the cause,—'tis fate's desire !  
Would you eat,—free will you've none,—  
Ev'ry thing by fate is done !  
Thirsting,—if you want to sip,—  
Fate lifts the bev'rage to your lip !

So 'tis said,—(and who can doubt it  
Who has ever thought about it?)  
That fatality displaces  
Scraps of brains from brain-full cases !  
Prints,—and on the book shelf leaves 'em,  
Till the chandler's shop receives 'em !

Consequently, this disease,  
Still our eyes and ears will tease ;—  
For we know, what can't be cur'd  
Must (says the proverb) be endur'd ;

*Doctor LANCET* seeks applause,  
By enforcing diff'rent laws.  
He resolves to bleed and blister,  
Purge, and scarify, and clyster :  
Well convinc'd that all disorders  
Must obey doctorial orders :

And that madam Fate would even  
Yield to doses he has given!

Therefore, strange it seems to him,  
(Vers'd in *Pharmaceutick skim*,  
Call'd the first of human arts :)  
That a difficulty starts,  
As to what is best to do,  
When you've this disease in view !  
“Bleed and blister, Sir,”—says he,—  
“That's my only recipe !  
“Till you've eas'd your patient's pains,  
“And drawn off all his *addle brains* !”

Thus I've shewn, how doctors differ,  
And to adverse notions, stiff are.

Stiff as starched female Quaker  
When the passions all forsake her,—

Doctor's are, whene'er they've laid down  
Plans to knock each other's trade down ;  
Or a method known to no-men,  
Which relieves a *swell'd abdomen* !  
Or, a novel mode of treating  
Pains that spring from over-eating !

One cures all by draughts *Pneumatick*,  
Others, deeming this errattick,—  
Calomel, for each disorder,  
As a Panacea order !  
One preserves by fumigation,  
Others, by inoculation !  
And,—tho' all display their learning,—  
HASE's Notes, or Guineas earning !  
Yet, by universal practice,  
(Undeniable the fact is,)  
Ev'ry Æsculapian minion  
Stickles to his own opinion,



Right or wrong, to make us think,  
His talents worth our *golden chink* !

But HYGEIA's blest abode,  
Seek by any doctor's road ;—  
Seek it when you are attack'd,—  
Tortur'd in the scribbling act ;  
Seek it, when in scratching fit  
Heads are scrap'd,—in search of wit !  
Seek assistance where you will ;  
*Doctor LANCET*, *Doctor PILL*,  
*Doctor FATE*, and Doctors all,  
Yield the palm to DOCTOR GALL !

*Doctor GALL* is vastly kind ;  
Curing each disorder'd mind,  
When the *Cerebellum* flows,  
Through the pate in verse or prose !

Probing reason's pent domains,

He extracts superfluous brains !\*

Thus, his method I'll relate :—

Big with unrelenting fate,—

\* For the information of those who may not be well acquainted with all the surprising discoveries of modern times, it is perhaps necessary to state that Dr. Gall is a Swiss physician, who imagines that he can discover the talents or propensities of any individual, by inspecting the *Cranium*. His system of *Craniology* has been also closely studied and amplified by Doctor Spurzheim; who lately delivered a course of lectures on the subject in London. They suppose that any predominant characteristic in the mind of the person is rendered externally evident by a corresponding protuberance on the skull.—These protuberances have been humourously termed *Bumps*: and according to their situation on the head, they are deemed indicative of some peculiar temperament of the mind. Thus, according to this system, there are, bumps of gaiety,—bumps of gloominess,—political bumps,—amorous bumps,—philosophical bumps,—&c. &c. &c. The owners of heads with such excrescences, will however, find it advisable on many occasions, and under some circumstances, to conceal their bumps from the scrutinizing eye of the learned doctor and his disciples.

Editor.

Arm'd with *Spokeshave* nicely ground,\*  
Weapon ne'er till now renown'd ;  
Tho' it ought to have a station  
Near the polar constellation ;  
Round the *Cynosure* revolve,  
And beam resplendant till the spheres dissolve !

Armed thus, th' immortal man,  
(Call him not a Charlatan)  
Each excrescent *bump* removes,  
And the owner's head improves.

Authors therefore pray attend !  
*Doctor GALL* will prove your friend !  
He'll exert his wondrous art,  
On a very tender part :—†

\* The spokeshave is an instrument used by Carpenters and Wheelwrights, for taking off knotty protuberances from the surface of wood on which they are at work. Edit.

† My uncle Toby in the life and opinions of Tristram Shandy, mentions a story of a Walloon officer at the Battle

He'll extract whate'er is bad,—  
Leave the brains that are not mad ;—  
Not allow them to escape,—  
And make your skulls a better shape !

Thus, you see my friend, herewith is,  
How to cure the *Cacoethes* !  
And a method most effectual  
'Tis, for sickness intellectual !

May it merit your attention !  
'Tis a learned man's invention ;  
And immortal shall his name  
Stand on the deathless rolls of fame !

of Linden, who had one part of his brain shot away by a musket ball, and another part of it taken out afterwards by a French Surgeon ; yet after all he recovered and did his duty very well without it ! Compared with this, Doctor Gall's system is not so very wonderful.

Editor.

Duly virtue estimating,  
O'er the world perambulating,  
While harmonious sounds can charm,—  
Ills defy,—or foes disarm !  
Softly soothe my soul to rest,—  
Bounteous Heav'n's supreme behest !  
Or, enraptur'd, while my eyes  
Trace, ORION through the skies !  
Or, the bright GALAXY, gaze on !—  
Fondly think me

Yours

BOB BLAZON.

## LETTER VIII.

FROM JACK JINGLE TO BOB BLAZON.

---

“ ———— What caverns of the brain  
“ Can such a vast and mighty thing contain,  
“ As Poesy ?

*Buckingham.*

---

DEAR BOB,

I'm sadly in the dumps,—

What evils man befall ?

I've been examining the bumps

Describ'd by *Doctor GALL* !

What think ye ? — I've discover'd two,—

Occipitally swelling !

Like knots observ'd on elm or yew,

Where maggots find a dwelling.

And thence his hint the Doctor took,

Beyond a doubt is clear ;

For maggots breed in mental nook,

Each minute, day, and year.

But since thy letter I've perus'd

About this foreign sage ;

Who, novel hints has introduc'd

To our enlighten'd age ;—

I've thought,—by *Craniologic art*,

To measure human brains,—

Will be as easy as, a quart

Of ale, or peck of grains !

Then *gauging noddles* may become

'An hon'able profession !

While rays of light are forc'd therefrom,

By engines of compression.\*

And who can tell?—some mighty mind,

Within the human pate,—

A *standard uniform*, may find,

Of *measure, and of weight!* †

\* Mr. Jingle probably alludes to an instantaneous light apparatus invented within these few years; by which contrivance both light and heat are really compressed out of the air we breathe! It is not therefore a very wide step in the scale of probabilities, to suppose that luminous particles may be elicited from that more tangible substance,—the human Pericranium. Edit.

\* This suggestion is really a valuable one. What could Lord STANHOPE, Colonel MUDGE, M. BIOT, and all the rest of the English philosophers and French scavans have been dreaming of so long, with regard to their metres, and base-lines, and arcs of the meridian?—or their trigonometrical surveys, and pendulums, and yard-measures? Sir Isaac Newton used to say that the longitude would be discovered either by a fool, or by accident: and here we have an instance of a gentleman accidentally throwing out a hint, which will probably be of the greatest importance to the human race. Where, I ask, can be found an uniform stan-



But future ages may disclose

Innumerable things ;

Which now,—unknown to man, repose

With nature's hidden springs !

Yet e'en the present period claims

Particular attention ;

For genially the spark inflames,

Of many a new invention !

Tho' some, like water mix'd with beer,

Are negative improvements :

And such will *Doctor* GALL's appear,

With novel spoke-shave movements.

dard of weight and measure, except it be in the human pate? Does not every man appreciate his own worth, his virtue and his talents by the same measure,—viz. his own judgment? And does not every woman estimate her beauty, her perfections, and her attractions in the same way? Here then have we a standard universal! and it is to be found in the just equipoise of the Cerebrum, Cerebellum, and the medullary substance of the brain, from whence proceeds that universal law of nature called "*self love*." Edit.

As well he might the visage rob  
Of promontory nasal !  
Whether 'twere Grecian, or the snub,  
That Afric ladies grace all ;

As take the bumps that grow behind,  
The author's *Pericranium* :  
Which furnish either strength of mind,  
Or else,—its *Succedaneum* !

I'll therefore not his talents try,  
My worthy friend ;—rely on't ;—  
Tho' you, and ev'ry one may cry,—  
“ FY !—JONNY JINGLE,—fy on't ! ”

No, no,—I'll write, while write I can,—  
*Poetic paths* are pleasant ;  
Not such as greet the sporting man,  
Pursuing hare or pheasant ;

Or, roving some December morn  
In quest of *Thrush* or *Colly* ; \*  
Where roughly scratch the briar and thorn,  
The thistle, and the holly.

But charming paths the muses are ;  
Sweet as the bloom of spring,—  
When FLORA glides on fragrant car  
Impel'd by ZEPHYR'S wing!

Unlike the dark *Cimmerian* plains,  
Where gloomy nature sleeps !  
Where, crown'd with poppies, Morpheus reigns,  
And ne'er a vigil keeps :

Where sombre dulness sits enthron'd  
Beneath narcotic bow'rs !  
Despising joys by genius own'd,  
And all her brilliant pow'rs !

\* The Blackbird is named a Colly, in some parts of the west.

Yes, brightly glows the poet's mind ;

Enraptur'd beats his heart !

While learning's richest stores combin'd

Celestial bliss impart !

And shall I such delights forego,

To humour human whims ?

Indignantly I answer—no !

Till death my vision dims !

And while my purple current flows,

Or nervous fibres tingle ;—

May mental bliss drive worldly woes

From thee and thine

J. JINGLE.

## LETTER IX.

FROM BOB BLAZON IN TOWN TO JACK JINGLE  
IN THE COUNTRY.

---

“ \_\_\_\_\_ Man, still credulous and vain,

“ Delights to hear strange things,—delights to feign.” Creech.

“ *Et varias audit voces, fruiturque Deorum*

“ *Colloquio.*”

Virg.

---

DEAR JACK,

IN a wonderful era we live!

What woes we experience!—what blessings receive!

What geniuses brilliant have lately existed,

Who, under the banners of fame, have enlisted!

And are there not numberless schemers now living

To mortals, the fruits of their industry giving?

New Eyes for 'the blind,—and new Legs for the  
lame?\*

New Docks for the shipping;—new Prisons to tame.  
New Laws, that turn all things alike, *topsy turvy*,  
New Physic, to cure the gout, cancer, and scurvy.  
New Pills, and new Lozenges, Powders, and Lotions;  
And, numerous, new-born, perpetual motions!

New Scythes, that will cut down your hay without  
mowing;

New Ploughs, that will make the land yield without  
sowing.

New Perfumes just come from the Garden of Eden!

New Turnips but lately imported from Sweden!

\* Mr. B. should have said “patent legs for those who want them;” because he undoubtedly alludes to the patent artificial leg maker, Mr. MANN, who supplied the gallant MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA with one of those convenient members, in lieu of that which he left behind him on the field of Waterloo!

Edit.

Nice **SOMERVILLE Cakes** to feed delicate swine ; \*  
And a method of feeding with pasture saline,  
All your beef, lamb, and mutton, and make it grow  
fat  
As a *regal-fed* **PORPUS**,—or granary rat !

Surely, salting our animal food when alive,  
Will give him who had genius enough to contrive  
Such a notable plan for the good of the nation,—  
That hope of all mortals,—Immortalization !  
And gratitude justly to **CURWEN** is due,  
For this finest invention that man ever knew !

\* Mr. Blazon is I think mistaken in attributing the invention of the oil cake for fattening cattle to **LORD SOMERVILLE**. His lordship is President of the Board of Agriculture,—not a swine feeder !—It is however, most probable that the learned secretary, **ARTHUR YOUNG Esq.** and the rest of the gentlemen who compose the Agricultural Divan were in some way or other engaged in this important discovery, by which animal fat is rendered so excessively nauseous. Edit.

To his praises then, gaily, ye cook-maidens sing !  
 While in concert harmonious, your kitchen bells ring ;  
 For, this great agricultural Cumberland chief,  
 Will produce you—a living *salt Buttock of Beef* ! \*

‘*E converso*,—another important invention  
 As justly deserves the most hon’rable mention,  
 ’Tis DONKIN’S I mean, by whose art we are able  
 To keep a supply of fresh meat for the table :  
 His method is chemical,—lately found out ;—  
 It prevents all the maggots from breeding, no doubt !

\* I am not quite certain that the honourable member for Carlisle was the original discoverer of the advantages resulting from the system of salting pasture for cattle. I should rather be inclined to suppose that persons noted for obesity, such as the celebrated DAN. LAMBERT, Mr. SERG. COCKLE, Mr. STEPH. KEMBLE, or the P...CE R....T, would have been more likely to make such a discovery, in consequence of the frequent opportunities afforded them of appreciating the effects of a similar mode of feeding on their own sweet persons. This however, is certain, that Mr. Curwen was the first who introduced the subject to the notice of Parliament.

Editor.



For a turkey or goose he would cook at Guildhall,  
And convey it thence, perfectly sweet, to Bengal !\*

Then we find at the Pastry-cooks,—liquid Cream  
Ices !

And, what is more strange,—*Turtle-soup sold in  
slices ;*

On purpose invented for CURTIS to munch,  
When he takes in the morning, his Lombard-Street  
lunch :

Or, to take from his pocket, while pacing the road  
To the villa at Southgate,—his country abode :

\* The invention of Messrs. DONKIN, HALL, and GAMBLE, patentees of a process for preserving animal food, is really of great importance to man. The cook-maid may now put the meat in her cup-board without dreading the *blow-fly* ;—and the master of the house may keep his larder constantly stored, even in the warmest weather, without feeling any apprehension that it will cause the least unpleasant sensation to his olfactory nerves.

Edit.

Or to show us that,—made in a portable form  
In his Yatcht he can eat it, while braving the storm !\*

When, however, you next come among us, just  
pop

Your head into some stylish confectioner's shop ;  
Such as BIRCH'S, or ANGEL'S, FARRANCE'S, or  
GROOM'S,

Where, each delicate patty, the gourmand consumes :

And you'll find all I've mention'd above to be true

As it is that I'm writing this moment to you. †

\* SIR WILLIAM is well known to be a great sailor, and a great turtle feast given on board his yatcht. Edit.

† It is somewhat singular that Mr. Blazon speaks so slightly of Mr. BIRCH the pastry cook :—particularly as the worthy Alderman is a *brother chip*,—a votary of the muses. Now I should have thought that the sympathy which connects congenial minds, would have produced something complimentary from the fraternal pen of the poet, to the parnassian soup-vender. But as it is, I am inclined to think an opposite feeling must have operated :—a feeling which derived its origin from the same source as that of an old adage well known to most of my readers,—“*Two of a trade can never agree.*” Edit.

Yet a greater invention than either of these  
 If I can, from my brains, I'll endeavour to squeeze !  
 'Tis, a method of living with little to eat,  
 By feasting, like cooks, on the fumes of the meat !  
 'Twill be worth the expense of a patent, I'm sure ;  
 And be very convenient indeed to the poor !

Now gravely would S\*\*P\*\*\*D or G\*\*F\*\*\*D report  
 Its advantages striking,—to great one's at court.  
 Tho' if *useful* or not, an invention be thought,—  
 Their recommendation is easily bought !  
 Only give 'em their fees ;—the death-warrant they'd  
 sign

For a new fashion'd method of slaughtering swine !\*

\* Before any patent for a new invention can be obtained, either the Attorney General, or Solicitor General, must make a report in writing, to the King in Council that it will be advantageous to the community. I think the fee for this report is Ten Guineas !—Consequently, every embryo contrivance, however insignificant, is advantageous !—to somebody ?  
 Edit.

But this eminent age of improvement displays  
Its conspicuous characters manifold ways.

How many new Bridges our notice demand!  
Their utility great,—their appearances grand!  
And those eminent men, Messrs. JOLLIFFE and  
BANKS,  
For their labours, deserve our unanimous thanks\*  
They'll next make an *Arch*, I suppose, to reach over,  
Without any trouble, from Calais to Dover.

A canal for the R\*G\*NT to swim through his  
park,  
With the M\*RC\*\*\*N\*\*s taking a dive in the dark,  
When their hides, like the sand-donkey's, want a  
good wash;—  
Excavating is, under the orders of NASH.

Who seems, the poor journeyman soul, to display  
That ekes out his labour to fill up the day.\*

New Roads over houses†— and Tunnels below‡  
Most abundantly, mercantile favours bestow.  
And I have not a doubt, 'twould be very well worth  
Our attention—a Tunnel to bore through the earth.  
Many benefits might we not daily enjoy?  
And, our minds, many new speculations employ?  
Could we only, with *Augurs* and *Pick-axes* venture  
The road to explore which would lead to its center?  
And yet, on reflection,—I'm rather inclin'd  
To suppose that when there, little pleasure you'd find;

\* I believe there have been nine or ten Acts of Parliament relative to the REGENT'S CANAL;—one to amend a former; another to amend the last, &c. &c. &c. Edit.

† The elevation of the roads, leading to the bridges above mentioned, every one knows who has seen them, is considerably higher than many of the adjacent houses. Edit.

‡ The tunnel belonging to the Regent's Canal is bored through the hill on which the town of Islington stands. Ed.

Because,—(if you'll NEWTON's authority take,  
Who was always, to these kind of matters awake;)  
Those who dig to this centre,—their stations would  
keep,

Whirling round, as a boy's spinning top does, asleep!\*

But perplexities only make *Geniuses* smile;—  
More especially some of the *Dons* of our Isle.

ALLEY CROKER, for instance, all mariners know,  
Lately tried his chimerical prowess to show:  
T'ward the Pole, sending BUCHAN, with learned  
advice,—

And a chaldron of coals to dissolve all the Ice!

\* I cannot let this opportunity pass by, without expressing my admiration of the great philosophical talents which Mr. B. displays. But I am at a loss to conceive how he could possibly know that a person at the earth's centre would whirl round like a spinning top asleep, unless he had studied Astrology!—For it is only by consulting the stars that we can discover what will take place either below us, around us, or above us. Ed.

Tho' he previously forwarded puffs of warm air  
 From his *Quarterly Bellows*, the road to prepare\*  
 Yet the cost had been less, if in EGG's Fish Balloon  
 He had sent off the Captains to visit the moon!†

\* It is not unknown in the literary circles, that the admiralty secretary is concerned in the *Quarterly Review*, edited by Mr. GIFFORD; and that a short time before the arctic or modern argonautick expeditions under the respective commands of CAPT. ROSS and CAPT. BUCHAN were projected, an elaborate article appeared in that journal, either from the pen of Mr. C..R., or from that of his deputy Mr. B.R.R.W., the arguments of which were intended *a priori* to prove the practicability of the plan. Mr. Blazon therefore very properly calls this literary effusion "a puff of warm air from the *Quarterly Bellows*."—But, like Jason and his Argonauts, they found not the golden fleece,—nor the dragon that watched it, nor the brazen-footed bulls,—nor the sorceress Medea!—No! They could not bring away, or even find, either the Pole itself, or the *Bears* which guard it!—The only discovery which they made was that of some north country gentlemen, inhabitants of Baffin's Bay, who supposed the ships were Leviathans, and who pulled their own noses by way of friendly salutation!—and no other trophy could they return with, except a few *Bottles of Red Snow* for the entertainment of John Bull, or to puzzle DR WOLLASTON and the rest of the members of the Royal Society!

Editor.

† Whether Mr. EGG has relinquished his plan of establishing Balloon-Packets between London and Paris, I am not

Oh! renown'd ALLEY CROKER!—tho' weak be  
 my lays,  
 Yet shall ERIN's fair nymphs tune their harps to thy  
 praise,  
 And the tones that escape them, to Momus's court  
 Wing their way to invigorate laughter and sport.

certain; for we have not heard any thing lately concerning his famous machine. The conception of the idea, however, was grand, and worthy of the age in which we live. A magnificent balloon propelled through the air by steam, combined with a flying fish occasionally impelled through the water by the same moving power, or some other mechanical means!

But Solomon says "there is nothing new under the sun:" and in this case we find his proverb peculiarly exemplified. For, a very volatile genius, named WILKINS, one of the first projectors of the Royal Society, entertained a notion that he could by means of mechanical wings, accomplish a scientific voyage to the moon! What will MR. EGG say to this? Mr. Pope notices him thus:

"The head that turns at superlunar things

"Poiz'd with a tail may steer on WILKIN's wings."

Editor.



I'm surpris'd that great C\*st\*\*\*\*\*\*H, seldom ex-  
empt

From such follies as C\*\*K\*\*'s are, did'nt attempt  
To make it a joint sea and land expedition :  
His sappers and miners, in working condition,  
With ease might have bor'd for his lordship, a hole  
Large enough to take him and his troops to the pole !

And if, feeling no subterranean dismay,  
At the caverns of HÆCLA they stop'd on their way ;  
They might rob the *Volcano* of part of its fire ;  
(Which is plentiful there, as their hearts could desire :)

\* It is to be regretted that my LORD CASTLEREAGH did not employ the corps of sappers and miners on this service. instead of disbanding them ;—and if his lordship on looking around him for a commander in chief had appointed to that office, Mr. DODD, the civil engineer,—a celebrated Projector of Canals, and Bridges, and Water-works, and Docks,—and the Tunnel under the Thames at Gravesend,—not a doubt would have been entertained with regard to the successful result of the enterprise.

Editor.

And, by setting the *Cynosure* ice in a flame,  
 Their atchievements record in the Temple of Fame !\*

The latter indeed is a feasible plan ;  
 But a project like C\*\*k\*\*'s,— no rational man  
 Would have thought of attempting ;—unless he could  
 ride

On a sun-beam, as fairies *ad libitum* glide :  
 And, taking his ships under convoy in tow,  
 Haul them after him, over *red regions of snow* !

\* Mr. Blazon's geographical ideas seem to be incorrect ; because Mount HÆCLA in Iceland, is very much out of the direct line between London and the Pole. It is however possible that caverns which communicate with this wonderful volcano, may go a long way into the bowels of the earth :— and if any one of them had been fallen in with by the Tunnelers, how comfortable they would have felt ! and how convenient would have been such a half-way house as this, from whence they might easily have conveyed a few bottles of the most highly concentrated combustible matter to the end of their journey ; and completed their enterprise with great eclat.

Editor.

In our list, let us now a great genius enrol  
Called commonly, *double you, double you P—!*  
One, whose fame shall on shillings and sixpences  
shine  
Until time, to oblivion, their faces consign!  
Or until with a microscope, no one can see  
The small characters W. W. P.

But the hour may arrive, when his name at the  
mint  
Will be lost :—so I'll give it the public in print:  
To immortalize merit alone is my aim ;  
And his gratitude therefore, I think I shall claim.

Yet to me 'tis astonishing why he thought fit  
The same marks on his newly coin'd crowns to omit:  
And to substitute others, which plainly appear  
As the nose in your face, on the front and the rear !

Now all great manufacturers fondly impress  
 Their own names on their various productions,—unless  
 Of the work of some botch-making bungler asham'd;  
 When, to market they send it, fictitiously nam'd.

Was it this?—or what else could induce you, *my*  
*honey*,—

To suffer PISTRUCCI to blemish our money?  
 Or say,—(like the Bear that ARCTOPHYLAX shows,)  
 Is the mint's mighty governor led by the nose? \*  
 Or, to compliment finely this foreign bombaster;—  
 Are you become servant,—while he acts the *Master*?

\* I think Mr. B. is wrong with regard to his Astronomical allusion in this place;—because I have never observed in any map of the Heavens which I have seen, a representation of the Ursuline Brute with a muzzle on its nose,—or led with a string by its keeper ARCTOPHYLAX. The personage here spoken of, and dignified with that appellation, is therefore most probably either MR. CROSS, the owner of the menagerie at Exeter Change, one of the travelling wild-beast showmen Messrs. ATKINS and GILLMAN,—or the keeper of some dancing bear which perambulates the country. Edit.

Or else, did you take such a method, because  
You conceiv'd 'twould insure for you public applause,  
If a journeyman *Hottentot-genius*, you paid  
For the *use of his name*, and his manual aid?  
But, as talent shines brightest that beams at a distance;  
Why sought you not th' *Esquimaux Indian's* assistance? \*

Or, better than all,—tho' in manners more rude,  
A *New Zealander Artist* divinely *tattoo'd*,  
Would have answer'd your end ;—for his works testify  
That he knows the best method of *sinking the Die* !

No mortals like these were at hand, I suppose,—  
When yourself,—your Italian associate, chose.

\* Alas ! poor *SACHEOUSE* !—He is gone to the Bourne,  
from whence no traveller returns ;—No friendly native voice  
to cheer his parting spirit !—and no fraternal hand to deck  
his grave with flowers !

You felt like a Briton, no doubt, your selection,  
Was made after giving it serious reflection !  
You knew not a countryman worthy your smiles  
In Britannia's or Erin's co-eminent Isles :  
And, (thence, every native born genius transported)  
To succour exotic, you therefore resorted !

What!—one of AUSONIA's effeminate race  
With his milk-liver'd title, our coinage deface ?  
And with manners insulting, audaciously dare,  
Puny efforts like his, with a WEBB's to compare !  
While the talents that MUDIE has call'd to his aid  
In his series of medals supremely display'd,—  
Shall, to those who can duly appreciate merit,  
Exhibit the wonderful powers we inherit. \*

\* The grand series of forty medals commemorating English victories, &c. &c. &c. published by MUDIE, is viewed with great pleasure by every admirer of the numismatic art. Compared with this beautiful series, how insignificant

Thus alas! disencourag'd in Britain,—no wonder  
So baneful a system, the arts languish under :  
While sits the bright muse of design and invention,  
With faculties half in a state of suspension,—  
In tears, because riches and rank only prize  
The productions of softer and sunnier skies.

But WEBB, MILLS, and others, will soon be af-  
forded  
A mart for their works, and by fame be recorded :  
While pleas'd from their heights of medallic renown,—  
They serenely, with smiles of compassion, look down  
At the weakness of WELLESLEY, the patron and  
guide

Of PISTRUCCI, puff'd up with presumption and pride

appear the few mean coins which have been recently  
issued from the Royal Mint?—But it is the patronage and  
liberality of such men as Messrs. BOLTON, WATT, and Co.  
and Mr. MUDIE, which has called into life the talents of our  
native artists.

Edit.

Boldly aloft has my fancy been soaring !  
Deeply the regions of science exploring !  
Various the scenes which I've call'd to thy view,  
But now, my dear Jack, I must bid thee adieu !

B. B.



## LETTER X.

FROM BOB BLAZON IN TOWN TO JACK JINGLE  
IN THE COUNTRY.

---

"I hold the world but as a stage, Gratiano,

"Where every man must play some certain part." *Shak.*

---

MY DEAR JACK,

AMONG all the great men of this age,

We have lectures on all things, and lecturers sage,—

Philosophical, farcical, comical, critical,

Surgical, tragical, and analytical.

Some theological,—many sarcastical,—

Some geological,—others gymnastical,

Ethical, musical, church catechistical,

Craniological, and atheistical!

Lecturers physical,—Lecturers clerical,  
Lectures political,—Lectures satirical,  
Lectures on chemistry,—Lectures on corns;—  
And Lectures to show that a mite has no horns.\*

WALKER and LLOYD shine in scenes astrono-  
mical,  
Learned CARLISLE teems with lore anatomical.  
COLLYER elicits a florid display  
Of divinity, deck'd in effulgent array!  
HAZLITT, on Shakespeare's unparallel'd powers,  
Inspir'd,—to the summit of intellect tow'rs!  
COLERIDGE, on poetry's infinite charms,  
His talent displays,—and the critic disarms.

\* The dry hums and has of the wig and cane logicians of the old school, are superceded by the elegant diction and persuasive elocution of the modern lecturer :—and the pedantic schoolmaster is succeeded by, or now become the *polished professor!*

Edit.

SOANE, architectural eminence shows ;—

As the Bank, and the Royal Academy knows.

THELLWALL and Smart efficaciously teach

The most elegant methods of making a speech :

And BRANDE, the professor of Albemarle Street,

Has a *Bump* with alchymical wonders replete, \*

ASTLEY COOPER lops off either arm, leg, or head !

HUMPHREY DAVY, by Galvanism, raises the dead !

BILLY ADAMS the oculist, lectures on vision ;

And BLIZARD makes boldly, the deepest incision.

\* I should very much like to hear a Lecture from MATHEWS on the heads of all these great men. Not one of your dry prosaic speechifications, which my old friend George Alexander Steevens used to treat us with :—but a modern, luminous, dilucidative dissertation on the *Bumps* which all eminent persons undoubtedly have ; such a one as that comic genius relates he heard in the catacombs of Paris. He would also be furnished with an excellent opportunity of shining in this department of science, by delivering an oration on the *Bumps* which he might discover on the heads of BOB GREGSON or SCROGGINS, after their next milling match.

Edit.

From deaf people, CURTIS will pocket his fees,  
And the Apozem, monthly gazette, is by R\*\*\*\*.

Tavern packets impell'd on the river by steam,  
Without sailors, or sails, against winds or the stream,  
Are by MAUDESLEY constructed,—a great engineer,  
Who will probably soon make automations steer;  
For we've now an *automaton player at chess*,  
To be seen at Spring Gardens,—who seems to possess  
Greater rational powers than many a clown,—  
Or the puppies in Bond Street that walk up and down.  
*Mynheer MAELZEL* indeed has a wonderful prize!  
Each competitor's skill, it serenely defies.\*

\* It is not a little mortifying to the pride of human nature, to find itself beaten at an intellectual game by a wooden man; yet such a circumstance often occurs with regard to this automaton. They say it has check-mated every chess player with whom it has been engaged! What would Prometheus say to this? Edit.

Patent locks to hold water,—and locks to keep  
cash,

HENRY HASE's, and jewels, and similar trash,—

By an eminent man y'clept BRAMAH are sold;

Highly favour'd by Fame,—in her annals enroll'd!

Patent girths,—patent saddles,—and stirrups,—  
and whips;—

Patent coaches, each other in pomp to eclipse;—

And a safe one by MATTHEWS, our necks to retain

On their shoulders,—our thanks will deservedly gain.

An axle-tree also, a patent invention

Of ACKERMANN's, claims our respectful attention.

A singular genius of versatile powers,

On whom fortune, her favours benignantly showers.

A tyrolese patriot,—not a *mishap-man*;

A water-proof cloth maker, dealer and chapman.

A bookseller, publisher, colourman, artist,  
And seller of *gimcracks* for ladies the smartest.

Famous peepers to look at the man in the Moon,  
And observe if he dines there at midnight or noon,—  
With unparallel'd art are constructed by **HERSCHELL** ;  
Who makes astronomical science commercial !  
On hand, when his telescopes happen to lie,—  
He discovers a nebulous star in the sky :  
And by puffing the brilliant discovery well,  
Two or three new *Reflectors*, perhaps he may sell.\*

\* **MR. B.** is rather severe on **SIR WILLIAM**. But if the worthy *Knight* of the **GUELPHS** does make a trade of his his astronomical pursuits,—is there any harm in that ?—And if he did make his forty feet reflector for the purpose of counting the stars in the milky way, can he be blamed for that ?—And if no one but the poor old King and himself ever looked through it or crept through it, ought he to be censured for that ? And if he did obtain a pension of £200 *per annum* for such permission to peep and to creep !—who can blame him for that ?

Edit.

Patent musical instruments, equal in tone,  
To that boast of the butcher, his sweet marrow-bone,—  
Made by STODART, or BROADWOOD, or DALE, or  
CLEMENTI,—

As common are almost as herrings when plenty.

New wool from MORENA, by Spaniards sent over ;—  
New dresses from Paris, just landed at Dover ;  
The notice of people of fashion command,  
Whose superior delight is in things contraband.

Patent guns that will knock a bird down without  
aim,  
Made by EGG or by MANTON, our gratitude claim. \*

\* I wonder whether this Mr. EGG is the same gentleman who is mentioned before. If it is, he is really a wonderful man, and I should not be much surprised to hear of his taking a trip to the stars in his balloon for the purpose of shooting some of the delicious game fowl with which they abound.

Edit.

Patent whiskers for Dandies, invented by ROSS,  
 The attention of G\*\*\*\*E the PR— R\*\*\*NT en-  
 gross!

Men of talent there are, who exhibit their art in  
 A black manufacture,—the great DAY and MAR-  
 TIN!

Whose works o'er all regions refulgently shine,  
 From the East to the West!—from the poles to the  
*line!*

Brilliant characters!—long in this opulent town,  
 May your lustre embellish the ranks of renown!

All the musical world go to ROBSON and FLIGHTS;  
 Where the grand *Apollonicon* daily delights:  
 Where they grind pretty tunes to please Misses and  
 Madams,—  
 Or show the fleet fingers of PURKIS and ADAMS.



Then, selling respectable *rumps* that will please,—  
And *invisible petticoats* tight at the knees,—  
And the fine patent garters for elegant ladies,—  
There can't be a doubt, a most lucrative trade is.

New methods of washing, without any trouble,  
By means of a simple machine and soap-bubble,—  
Have recently called for the warm approbation  
Of all the fair maids in this humble vocation.  
Rejoice then, ye laundresses!—daily rejoice!  
To the praises of BAKER let each lift her voice:  
For he cleanses your linen with ease in his mill;  
And thus renders inactive your lathering skill.\*

\* The use of these machines may, however, be productive of some evil consequences to the aged personages of that profession;—and it appears even to have operated so already; for, the Morning Advertizer of the 23d of April, contains an advertisement offering “*an old established LAUNDRESS for sale, by private contract!*”—Poor old lady!—I suppose her unfortunate fate will be attributed to the intro-

While his new patent mangle the place has supplied,  
Which your ironing implements once occupied.

Patent *Essence of Mustard*,—benignly bestowing  
Relief for the pangs, which to chilblains are owing,—  
Or, frightening away all affections rheumatic,—  
(As sorrows are banish'd by lays operatic,)   
Prepar'd is by JOHNSTON of Greek Street, Soho ;  
From whom health's balmy comforts fraternally flow !  
Whose patent machine Soda-water produces,  
More brilliant than even Champagne's sparkling  
juice is. \*

duction of machinery into her sublime art and mystery. Sad times these !—they were not such when I was a young man !—Indeed I am almost afraid that some genius will invent a method of manufacturing an almanack by steam, or some other mechanical power !—and then !—what shall poor I do then !—I do not know I'm sure,—unless I offer myself for sale like the poor old laundress. Edit. ;

\* What a list of aerated mineral waters has this wonderful age of intellect produced ? Our ancestors had very few such articles. They only knew of hard and soft water ;—

Soft boards to repose on, instead of hard sacking,  
 For those whom athritic complaints may be racking,—  
 Are made by great men y'clept MORGAN and SAUN-  
 DERS,

Mahogany generals,—Rose-wood commanders !

Patent *Razors* that frighten the beard from the face,  
 While its owner rides after the dogs in the chase,—

pump, and river water ;—salt, and fresh water ;—*aqua fortis*,  
*aqua cælestes*, *aqua mirabilis*, and *eau de vie*. But our modern  
 chemical professors furnish us with water impregnated with  
 almost every kind of saline, mineral, alkaline, or gaseous  
 production which they have introduced to our notice in their  
 new-fangled pharmacopeias. They would however confer  
 a greater favour on man if they could extract some water  
 from the rays of the sun and the other celestial bodies ; for  
 I am certain that such liquids would cure every disease in-  
 cidental to the human race. The extract from the sun's rays  
 they might call *aqua soli puræ*.—'This would cure the ague  
 and nervous complaints. That from the planet Saturn (if  
 properly christened) would be a specific for maniacal and  
 hot-blooded patients. That from Venus—but I must not  
 enlarge on this subject at present ; it will occupy more  
 space than I can afford for it ;—and I shall therefore reserve  
 it for the leading article in a future ephemeris. Edit.

Were by PACKWOOD invented, \* whose place is supplied

By a similar character;—RIGGE of Cheapside:

Whose razor-strops,—(tablets magnetic, I mean)

Make the shaver's bright instruments wondrously keen.

Patent whirligig Jacks to roast beef, and grind smoke,—

And that brightest of patents, for Gas-light and Coke, —

And wonderful CONGREVE's astonishing rockets,

Which fly from the brilliants, they shoot from their sockets,—

Demand, from all ranks and conditions of men,

The most grateful applause of the heart and the pen!

\* I suppose Mr. B. means the implements for shaving expeditiously without danger of cutting the face, which Packwood denominated Hunting Razors. Edit.

Then we've plenty of *Counterfeit* Coffee and Tea,  
Made without any patent,—and sold duty free;  
So that when at our morning repast we are seated,  
We little imagine how much we are cheated.  
But lately some new-fashion'd *Tea-dealers* starting,  
Have set all the backs of the older ones smarting.

At school I have read, and undoubtedly you  
know

The tales that are written of grandmother JUNO:  
She suckled, they say, Master HERCULES,—when  
He so tugg'd at her nipples again and again,  
That the milk overflow'd of this daughter of RHEA;  
And pav'd in the Heavens, the *Via Lactea*;  
That famous highway in the regions empyreal,  
Nocturnally beaming with lustre ethereal!

What mortal alive any milk such as this  
Ever tasted?—What sips for young master and miss?

If the cows would produce such a lacteal stream,—

Such nutritious, delicious, delectable cream!

How delightful 'twould be!—but believe me tis true

They yield nothing in town but insipid *sky-blue*!

Which the milk people properly christen "*mi-eau*."\*

Patent wigs which add charms to a beautiful face;

Patent shoes,—patent hats,—patent stays,—patent  
lace;

Patent stockings,—and Manchester patent cord  
breeches,

Invented no doubt by the Lancashire witches,—

Are gaily, in shopkeeper's windows display'd;

And appear manufactur'd by magical aid.

\* It is rather remarkable, that the persons who retail this article to the public, should be so conscientious as they are in their dealings. They do not pretend to sell pure milk;—their cry is "*mi-eau*," half-water.

Patent spectacles, greatly to WOLLASTON's fame,  
Adding brilliant eclat,—*periscopic* by name,  
He has puff'd on the world with a trading intention,  
By mountebank art, as a novel invention :  
But NEWTON, an age e'er the Doctor had breath'd,  
The self-same simple things to us mortals bequeath'd.\*

The fine favours of fortune you'll purchase of BISH,  
For he says he'll provide you with all you can wish,  
If you dip in his lucky bag,—blindfold your eyes,  
And from ten thousand blanks select only one prize.†

\* The lens which NEWTON denominated a *Meniscus*, and which he demonstrates to be inferior to any other for optical purposes, is exactly the same as those which the Doctor pretends to have discovered, and to which, after having had them made into spectacles by the assistance of Messrs. DOLLOND, the Opticians, he gave the name of *Periscopic*.

† I think Mr. Blazon's calculation is not quite right. The chances against gaining a capital prize are not exactly 10,000 to 1 in all the lotteries of the present age. But if any of my courteous readers who may wish to have the calculation made, will furnish me with the necessary data, by letter, post paid, addressed to Mr. Francis Moore, Physician, at

Go to Ross's in Lombard Street, oysters you'll buy,  
Which, whene'er they are open'd melodiously cry  
Come eat us,—come eat us,—to those who can hear  
them!

Tho' audible only to auditors near them.\*

John Bull, 'tis well known, at each novelty smiles,  
Which illumines Britannia's invincible isles.

Mr. Hone's, Bookseller, Ludgate Hill, they shall hear of something to their advantage. I hope however that M. M. BISH, EYTON, PIDDING, MARTIN, &c. &c. &c. will not be offended at my interference in their concerns. Edit.

\* The exquisite sweetness of the dying notes of the swan, has been celebrated by many poets, both antient and modern; but I never before heard of musical oysters. Yet I see no reason why their dying notes should not claim equal attention; and I think it would not be a bad plan for Mr. Ross to adopt, if he employed some eminent harmonizer of melodies, such as WESLEY, or BISHOP, to compose vocal and instrumental accompaniments for the songs of his wonderful shell-fish: and having done this, if he would engage Mrs. DICKONS, Miss STEPHENS, Mr. LINDLEY, and Mr. NICHOLSON, to perform at his rooms, I am quite certain he would find it much to his advantage. Edit.



We've new methods of draining a Lincolnshire fen ;  
And new methods of teaching the use of a pen.  
Patent sails, patent masts, patent cables, and ships ;  
And, I wonder there isn't a patent for chips.  
We are also provided with patent shoe-heels,  
Which revolve on their axes, like steam-engine wheels ;  
Patent methods of airing and warming our rooms ;\*  
And to puzzle the chancellor,—patent hair-brooms.†

\* I suppose Mr. B. means the patent *Calori-fumivora* apparatus of the MARQUESS DE CHAMBANES. But I think the noble Marquess will find that John Bull likes the shining comforts of his domestic fire-side, better than the sullen equanimous enjoyment resulting from the German stove, or the Russian hot-house.

† On a recent occasion, during the consideration of a motion in the Court of Chancery, respecting the validity of a patent for hair-brooms;—a great number of these implements were laid on the table before his lordship, in order to afford him an opportunity of having an ocular demonstration of their comparative utility. These utensils had, however, so formidable an appearance, that the gentlemen of the Bar were somewhat afraid of being brushed out of court. Had this happened, it would have been rather an awkward affair; particularly to the junior counsel, who must have considered

Patent Coffins,—our bones to preserve from the  
doctors,—

Will shortly afford pretty work for the Proctors.

The Clergy declare that we shall not environ  
Dead bodies in new-fashion'd coffers of iron,  
But pack 'em in wood,—or they vow they will never  
Entomb in the earth, any corpse whatsoever.  
Now laymen remonstrate,—and loudly insist  
That these offices shall be perform'd by the priest;

it an omen of ill success during the remainder of their lives. His lordship therefore,—very charitably wishing to relieve his learned friends from their embarrassments, and feeling as little qualified to decide the squabble between the Brushes, as he was on a former occasion to settle the differences between *Tweedle dum*, and *Tweedle dee*,—ordered these specimens of brisly ingenuity to be deposited in the hands of the master:— and it is most probable that they may be destroyed by worms before they will be allowed to escape out of his custody, if their owners continue possessed of cash sufficient to carry on the contest.

Edit.

And thus,—to their judges obliged to resort,—  
They've join'd issue at once in the *Spiritual Court*.  
Tho' the *Spirit* has little to do with the place,  
Where civilians sophistical, reason debase. \*

In my travels thro' life I have often been told  
Of the Alchymists turning base metals to gold !  
But a *Threadneedle Lady*,—a *Yellow Boy* scraper,  
Has kindly transmuted our *Gold* into *Paper* !

\* It appears that the Rector of St. Andrew's Holborn, has refused to bury the body of a man's wife, because it is enclosed in an Iron Coffin. He contends that if such receptacles for human bones were generally adopted, the parish cemetery would be raised as high as the Church itself, by the aggregate mass of the present generation alone: and as in such a case it would become a public nuisance, he objects to it on public grounds. The matter is referred to Doctor's Commons,—but if SIR WILLIAM SCOTT, or SIR JOHN NICHOL take so long a time to decide this knotty point, as a learned doubtful lord does, to give his adjudication on many causes brought before him;—the poor woman's body will be resolved into its original dust above ground, long before the question is finally determined. Ed.

Which Paper she says, our convenience promotes;  
When at ease, o'er the ocean of commerce it floats.

She accomplishes this with superlative skill,  
By contriving, the Paper and Gold to distil,  
In the famous retorts by VANSITTART supplied,  
Made in PITT's manufactory, long ere he died.

Now the metal thus manag'd, to vapour is stew'd  
While the Notes, from their ashes are daily renew'd!

*Mynheer VAN*, with his almost inaudible tones,  
When he speaks of this lady, unspeakably moans!  
For alas!—in the earlier days of his life,  
On the impulse of passion he made her his wife.  
She was yet in her prime, tho' the widow of PITT;  
And her character fairish all gossips admit;

But her *Hubby*, with real affection can't view her,  
For *she* wears the breeches, and *he* knuckles to her!  
Aware tho' he is, that all honour is flown,  
From the walls of her mansion, to regions unknown!

“What?—the Minister's wife without honour!”—  
you'll cry:

Yes indeed!—tho' her ladyship's manners are shy!

On demand to her Note-bearers,—millions of  
pounds,

At the warehouse, where fine flimsy paper abounds,  
She has promised in writing to pay;—but present her  
Those writings,—and ask for the guineas you lent her;  
Alas!—you obtain from her, day after day,—  
Nothing more than a *fresh paper promise to pay*.

What d'ye think of this lady?—has she any honour?  
The Billingsgate nymphs even say—“*Fie upon her!*”

Yet shortly, I trust, will the period come round,  
When she'll cry, in the market,—“*old rags by the  
pound!*”

Good Cheese-monger's weight,—sixteen ounces I  
mean,

Not the *Pounds* on *her Paper*, so commonly seen.

But a second sight mortal I'm sure it must be,

Who, their use can conjecture,—or value foresee!

Such a person would say, that each slip of thin paper,

Could only be us'd as a pipe-lighting taper:

And thus, if they meet so degrading a doom,

They would furnish all smokers for ages to come!

To her threadneedle fortress consigning the dame  
Greater novelties now to explore, be our aim;

Such as patent pedestrian Accelerators,—  
The fleeting *Velocipedes*,—Perambulators,—  
Or Hobbies,—which so much at present the rage are ;  
That *Asses* they'll banish from Brighton, I'll wager.  
Let not their names be a theme of contention ;  
Highly they honour this age of invention.

Genius observ'd is, refulgently shining !  
Intellect all her resources combining !  
Novelty graces the empire of fashion !  
Novelty smiles in the *blooming* CIRCASSIAN !  
Novelty pleases the eye of the R\*G\*\*T !  
Novelty makes him her very obedient !

Often I've heard that, by crossing the breed,  
Animals greatly improved are indeed.  
So, with the SOPHI of PERSIA's fair daughter,  
(Possibly such,—as from Persia they brought her,)

G\*\*\*G Y united may get a new race,  
Britons to govern,—and Britain to grace ;  
Brilliantly beaming in history's page,—  
And illumining this intellectual age!

Long may they live in our Eden-like vallies !  
She, all delight at her youth's lively sallies, —  
When, in his cups, he proclaims her his *Houri*,  
And partner through life, both in bed, board, and glory !

Adieu my dear Jack, may all pleasures await thee !  
And blessings from him who was pleas'd to create thee !  
May joys gild each morning and eve that you gaze on,  
And hope gaily smiling cheer thee and

BOB BLAZON.

THE END.



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